# The CHILDREN'S CRUSOE

# THE CHILDREN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

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"CARRYING HIS LARGE UMBRELLA, CRUSOE WENT OUT FOR A STROLL

# THE CHILDREN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY

EDITH L. ELIAS

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES OF GULLIVER" "IN TUDOR TIMES" "IN STEWART TIMES" ETC.

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STEPHEN REID

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*If you read o'er these verses just one at a time,*
*You will know the whole story of Crusoe in rhyme.*


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"... *Robinson Crusoe, who before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven.*"

MACAULAY

# THE CHILDREN'S ROBINSON CRUSOE

## Chapter I

*Robinson Crusoe sets off with a song,*
*He changes his tune when a storm comes along.*

"I WANT to go to sea," said Robinson Crusoe.

"You will be drowned," cried his mother.

"You will have plenty of hard work," said his father.

"It is far nicer on land," added his brothers.

Robinson Crusoe did not listen to any of them.

"I want to go to sea," he said again. "I would much rather do that than anything else in the world."

"Then you are very foolish," said his

father, "and if you do go, after all we have said, you will only find out for yourself what a mistake you are making."

"I don't care," said the boy, walking out of the room. "I want to go to sea."

"Oh, dear," said his mother, when the door was shut; "what shall we do if he keeps on thinking of nothing but ships?"

"I will talk to him," said his father, "and see if I can bring him to a better mind."

So the next day he called his son to him, and told him how sad it made them all to hear him talk so much about going to sea.

"I know," said Robinson Crusoe, with a sigh. "All the same, I can't help wanting to be a sailor. But I will try to stay at home, if you are so sure it is best."

"Of course it is best!" said his father. "Some day you will see it for yourself."

" 'I *MUST* GO TO SEA, HE SAID FIERCELY"

"I don't know," said Robinson Crusoe, and with another sigh he went off.

For a whole year he stayed at home, trying to forget about ships, but at last his longing for the sea grew so strong that he could not bear it any longer.

"I *must* go to sea," he said fiercely, and when his father and mother still begged him to stay at home, he said no more about the matter, but stole off secretly, and joined a vessel at Hull.

Soon the boat moved out of the dock, and Robinson Crusoe's travels had fairly begun.

"This is splendid," he said, looking out upon the blue water, and drawing in a deep breath of salt air. "There's no life so happy as a sailor's."

But before very long the bright sky became covered with dark clouds; a wind sprang up, and the ship began to toss to and fro. Robinson Crusoe's face grew white. He felt both frightened and ill, and before an hour had gone by, he was

saying in his heart that if ever he got back to land, he would never again set foot in a ship, but go straight home and ask his father to forgive him.

But by morning the clouds had parted and the sky was blue again. At once he forgot all about his miseries, and thought there could be nothing so fine as a life at sea. When he talked about the storm of the night before, the sailors laughed and told him it was only a capful of wind. So Crusoe hid his feelings; for he did not like to be laughed at.

The ship was bound for the port of London, but long before the city was in sight a really terrible storm sprang up. The winds howled; the sea tossed about in great green waves; the sea-birds screamed; and every moment the vessel seemed to be sinking. Robinson Crusoe never forgot it, and often, in later years, when he had seen many a dreadful storm, he thought to himself there had never been one like that which he had seen on his way

from Hull to London. Even the captain was afraid, and more than once he blamed Crusoe for the gale.

"I ought never to have taken you on board," he cried. "You had no business to run away from home. Once let us get into port and you shall never again set foot upon my decks. Let this storm be a lesson to show you how wrong you have been in leaving your good parents."

Crusoe made no answer; he felt far too miserable to speak. So he stood there, clinging to a rope, to keep himself from being blown overboard, and longing with all his heart to be on dry land.

# Chapter II

*In London he thinks of his home, but he knows*
*By his friends he'll be laughed at; to sea back he goes.*

SHIVERING and miserable, Robinson Crusoe held on to the rope, expecting every minute to feel the ship split beneath him. Once, when the captain was passing, he called out timidly:

"Do you think, sir, we shall ever reach London?"

The captain turned on him angrily.

"Be quiet there," he roared, in his big voice. "How can I tell what the ship will do?"

Crusoe did not try to reply, and indeed it would have been useless: for the captain was out of earshot.

"I believe he thinks we are going down," thought the boy, and he looked at the green waves, beaten by the wind into

snowy foam, and wondered how soon he would be flung into their midst.

But the little ship held on her way in the teeth of the storm, so that in the end, in spite of the captain's fears, they came to London in safety.

But this did not make the captain less angry with Crusoe.

"I would not have you in my ship again for a thousand pounds," he cried loudly. "Be off at once; there is no longer a place for you here."

The boy did not need to be told twice, for he saw it would be no use trying to coax the captain out of his ill-humour. So he gathered together his few things and sprang on land. How gaily he had jumped on board! How dolefully he stepped ashore!

"If this is going to sea," he thought, "then I will stay on land all my life. I wonder if I should go home? I wonder what they would say?"

With thoughts like these in his mind he

wandered up and down the streets, too miserable to look about him, asking himself over and over again, "What shall I do next?" Once, he got ready to set off for his parents; but the next minute he remembered the neighbours.

"I know they will laugh at me," he said. "What a joke they would think it to tease me about my great voyage! If I could just see my father and mother I would not mind. But I *can't* go back to be made fun of by my friends. I will find another ship and go off again to sea."

"Coward, coward!" said a voice in his ear. "Afraid of being laughed at."

"Yes, I know I am a coward," said Crusoe. "All the same I am going to look for another ship."

So having made up his mind on the matter he set about joining a new boat. He had not to look very long, for he was tall and strong, and soon he was once more tossing upon the green waves, on board a ship bound for West Africa. This

time he met with a very kind captain, and before the voyage was over, Crusoe had finally decided that there was no life so fine as a sailor's.

This was really the beginning of his great travels, for, as soon as the voyage to Guinea was over, he went off again to other foreign countries. He had many a strange adventure. More than once he was nearly drowned, and once he was wrecked in Morocco, and kept as a slave for two long years. Often he tried to get away, but his plans always came to nothing. Then came a day when he saw a good moment. In a flash he was ready, and with eager haste he put out to sea. Even now he ran great risk of being caught and killed; but his plan was so daring, and so well carried out, that at last he was far out of reach of his enemies. By great good fortune he was picked up by a passing ship.

"We are going to Brazil," said the captain.

"HE HAD MANY A STRANGE ADVENTURE"

"That is all right," said Crusoe. "Brazil or Britain, it is all the same to me, now that I am free from my slavery."

"Slavery?" said the captain, upon which Crusoe told him the whole story.

Before very long Crusoe found himself in Brazil, and after a good deal of thought he decided to settle down there as a merchant. Years went by, and he had grown rich. Round his house were great meadows full of the plant from which tobacco is made, and all these fields were his. But, like some of the other traders near by, he could not get enough men to do the work of his fields. So when some of his friends asked him if he would go with them on a voyage to Guinea, to get men to be their slaves, Crusoe at once said "Yes." No sooner had he made the answer than he saw the folly of leaving his farm, which no one could look after so well as himself. As he sat in his doorway, smoking, he turned the matter over in his mind.

"I almost wish I had not given my word

to go," he said half aloud. "Who will look after my affairs in the meantime? Now that I have made a promise I must keep it. But at any rate it shall be the last voyage of my life. After this I will spend the rest of my days on land."

Thus he set off with his friends on their journey to the coast of Guinea, little thinking that it would be many a long year before he returned. For, though he could not know it, Crusoe was about to enter upon the greatest and most wonderful adventure of his life.

# Chapter III

*In a wonderful way he is swept to the shore;*
*But although he's on land, yet his danger's not o'er.*

FROM the very first, Crusoe had felt a strange feeling of uneasiness about this voyage, and before he was well afloat he was wishing in his heart that the trip was over. The rest of the party were very merry, and so they did not notice that Crusoe took very little part in their plans.

By now they had got far beyond Brazil, and though the weather was very hot, it was calm and fine. Suddenly, however, a gale sprang up—just a little breath of wind at first, then higher and higher, till at last it had grown into a terrible storm, which every day became worse. More than a week went by, and still the wind raged; still the little boat tossed up and down.

Long before this the sailors had lost all count of the way in which they were going. So that they were adrift on the ocean, driven here and there by the wind, and not knowing in the least where they would end. Then came a lull for a day, and the captain at once made haste to guess at their whereabouts. They had been blown far out of their course, and after a good deal of thought he made up his mind that the safest thing to do would be to steer for the Carribbee Islands.

"It is the best we can do at present," he said to Crusoe; "for the ship is leaky, and badly in need of repair."

Early in the dawn of the next day, the sailor who was keeping watch cried out sharply:

"Land!"

Every man sprang from his bunk and rushed to the ship's side, only to see a dangerous sandbank.

"This is the end," said Crusoe, as the boat stuck fast.

The captain nodded, and gave sharp orders to get out the small boat which hung at the stern. It was no time for talk ; no time for holding back. Quickly and silently the boat was let down, and the men sprang into their places.

"I doubt if we shall ever reach shore," muttered Crusoe, his eyes fixed upon the great green billows which dashed against the frail craft. The men who were rowing made no reply, but they set their teeth and bent harder than ever to their oars.

"Look alive!" shouted Crusoe suddenly, for he had caught sight of a gigantic wave bearing directly upon them. The next moment it had crashed over the boat, and instantly everyone was flung into the boiling water. The eager, green waves rolled on, swallowing at one gulp the brave little bark and her crew of eleven men.

Dash, dash, dash! went the sea, beaten into fury by the wind. What men could hope for life in so mad a storm? What boat could live in billows like these? Yet

"BRUISED AND FAINTING, BUT ALIVE"

there was one who was to escape with his life ; for presently the heaving sea tossed up on to the shore a limp and breathless form. It was the figure of Robinson Crusoe, bruised and fainting, but alive.

# Chapter IV

*He sleeps on a tree; the next morning is calm,*
*And stores from his old ship he gets without harm.*

FOR a time Crusoe lay still and senseless on the sands on which the great wave had cast him. And when at last he opened his eyes, he could not, for the moment, think where he was or what had happened. But the howling of the wind and the roar of the ocean soon roused him to action, and he got up quickly and dragged himself higher up the beach, lest another wave should come and wash him back into the sea. As his mind got clearer he looked round eagerly for any signs of his friends; but not one of them was to be seen.

"Then I am the only one saved," he cried, in deep misery. "Think of the brave men, who sat in the boat with me but an

hour since, now lying under the cruel waves!"

He wrung his hands in his sorrow, and as he stood looking out to sea, hardly hearing the boom of the sea or the scream of the wind, his mind was full of thoughts of those friends who had been so swiftly sucked in by the ocean.

At last, with an effort, he roused himself to look round upon the new country into which he had so hastily come.

"Maybe it is the home of savages," he thought gloomily. "Maybe I have only escaped the sea to fall into a worse fate. Or at any rate, if there are no men, there may easily be wild beasts in those thickets, and how shall I defend myself against them?"

He plunged his hand into his pocket, as if to find an answer; but he found nothing there except a pipe, some tobacco, and a knife.

"This is worse than being drowned," he cried, and he ran up and down the shore

in an agony of fear; for the shock of the shipwreck and the loss of his friends had for the time being made him unable to think calmly. Presently the mood passed, and instead of dwelling upon his troubles he began to consider how wonderful it was that he had been saved at all. And so, at length, he cast about for some means of shelter.

He did not dare to go inland, lest he should come upon foes. But he made his way to a tree, from which he cut a stout twig, by way of a weapon. Then he climbed up into the branches, where he soon fell asleep.

Nothing happened to disturb his dreams, and when he wakened next morning he felt fresher than he had often done after resting in bed.

In the meantime the wind had gone down a good deal, so that he could walk about with ease. The first thing that caught his eye was his ship, lying high and dry on the sandbank where it had

grounded. The sight made his eyes fill with tears; for he saw that if they had stayed in the ship, instead of trying to reach land in the small boat, his friends would all have been safe and sound.

"If we had only known!" he said to himself. "But who would have thought that the ship would have been able to weather such a storm? I expected to find her in splinters this morning."

Then a new and pleasant thought came into his mind, for he saw that by a little wading and swimming he would be able to get to the vessel, and bring away many stores that would be useful to him in his desolate state. No sooner had he got the idea than he flung off his coat and dashed into the water. The tide was not at all deep, and without very much trouble he landed in safety on the battered wreck, which only the day before had sailed gaily over the water, as trim a ship as could be seen anywhere.

The change in the vessel's appearance

filled Crusoe with mournful thoughts. But he had no time to waste in regrets, for he saw that the ship would sink, if another storm were to spring up. So he set about collecting together the things he could best carry away. He made a meal upon the hard ship's biscuit which he found in the cabin, eating as he worked, for he had not an hour to lose. There were many things there that he decided would be useful, but then came the puzzle of how to get them ashore. For the water was too deep, and the articles too heavy for him to carry in his arms; and as for moving the ship, that was out of the question.

"I know!" he cried loudly, after a good deal of thought. "I know! A raft will be the very thing! I will make one before I go any further."

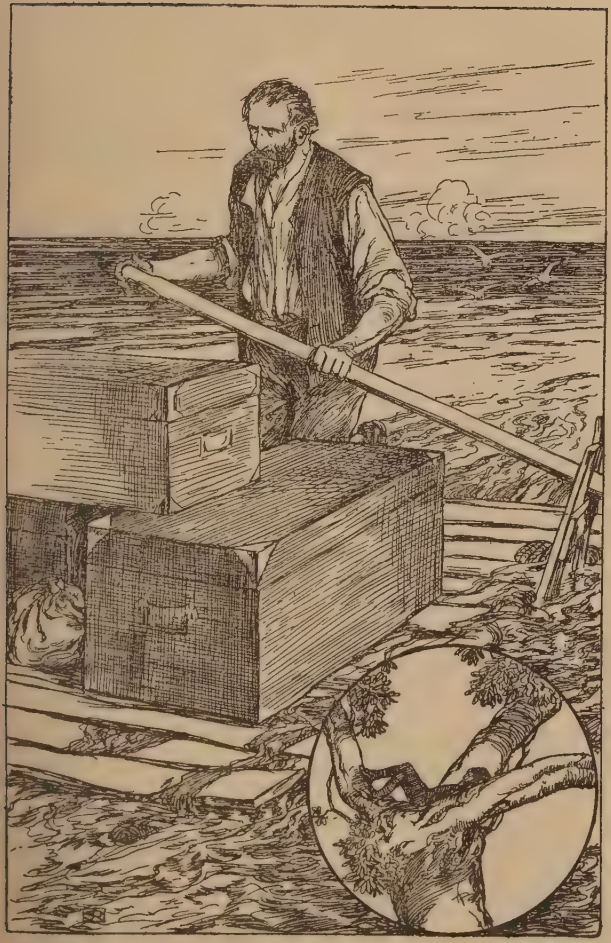
With eager fingers he tore down some pieces of wood, fastening four of them together at both ends, so that they made a kind of rough raft. To make this firmer he added some more pieces, tied on cross-

ways, till at last the raft was strong enough to bear a heavy load.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, full of excitement. "Now for my treasures." And he rushed to the heavy chests in the cabin. After a great deal of work he managed to lower three of these chests on to his raft. One he filled with food (bread, rice, dried meat, corn and wine), another he crammed with clothes; and in the third he put gunpowder and firearms. Presently he came upon a box full of carpenters' tools. This was too great a prize to be left behind, so with much straining and pulling he got it, filled as it was, on to the raft with the other chests.

"This is as much as I can manage," he thought. "I shall do well if I get to shore without any mishap." So he snatched up a broken oar lying near, and then jumped on board.

"Now for land," he said cheerily; but in his heart he felt much afraid lest a breeze should spring up unawares and



"VERY SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY HE GUIDED HIS CRAFT"

fling himself and his treasures into the tide.

Very slowly and carefully he guided his craft, every now and again pulling at a chest that seemed as if it would slip over the edge, and in this way he at last got to land, without losing one of his boxes.

# Chapter V

*He's hungry and stiff, but he works might and main*
*To build a snug cabin shut in from the rain.*

WHEN his clumsy craft touched the beach Crusoe's heart leapt with joy. For, though he had kept a brave face, he had feared many a time that he would lose his treasures on the way. He felt very happy as he looked round at his great chests, and after he had dragged them, one by one, on to the shore, he whistled from very gladness. Then he peeped into his coffers by turn, just to make sure that he had not been dreaming. Everything inside was quite safe and dry, and when he pulled down the lids he felt as rich as a king.

"Time for supper," he said cheerily, and he spread out some biscuit and cheese. After this he placed his high boxes in

a ring, and then climbing over the top he lay down in the centre, feeling sure that now neither wild beast nor human being could come upon him unawares.

With the first light of day he got up, eager to look about him. For everything was so new and strange that, though he was far from friends, he felt that it was like playing a game. But every now and again the fear would rush over him that perhaps he might never again see his own country; and at this thought the feeling of play left him, and he felt lonely and miserable.

He breakfasted off his stores, and then decided to go back to the ship to see what else he could secure.

"Swimming is the best and quickest way," he said, so he threw off his clothes and began to wade out into the deeper water. This time he brought back with him, on another raft, even more things than before, most of them being either powder, or sails, or boards. He chose

"HE FELT AS RICH AS A KING"

these instead of anything else, because he knew that his guns would be useless without shot, and with the sails and boards he intended to make a small hut to sleep in.

"I had better begin with a tent and build the hut afterwards," he said, as he paddled his raft to land. "This sail will be quite big enough, and it is so tough that it will keep out rain, unless it should be very heavy. I can easily fix it up with these poles, and then how snug I shall be!"

He was so eager to carry out his plan that he could hardly wait till he had carried his goods on shore, and, without waiting either to rest himself or have a meal, he set to work to fix up his tent.

It took longer than he had expected it would do, for he had never done anything of the kind before, and he was both tired and stiff from his hard work. But at last, after a great deal of trouble, he got some sort of a shelter set up, and if it was not very well shaped it was strong and steady,

and when Robinson Crusoe strode inside it, and filled up the doorway with boards, he thought he had never seen a cosier home.

He took care to place near at hand two pistols and a gun, and then, being too tired to keep his eyes open longer, he fell into a long and heavy slumber.

# Chapter VI

*By now from the ship many things he has got,*
*So he builds a new home on a much drier spot.*

FOR the next two weeks Crusoe went every day to the ship, each time bringing back with him whatever he could find, till at last he had got nearly enough to stock a shop. Besides the things which were in the chests that he first carried off, he had an axe; a hammer; two saws; nails and screws; a grindstone; a hammock; bedding; two cats; a dog; pens; ink and paper; some scissors; a dozen knives and forks; two or three sails; a great coil of rope; a barrel of flour; another of sugar; a panful of bread; and about thirty-six pounds in gold.

"Why!" he said, as he looked round upon the queer array of goods. "I wonder

if there is any other man in the world who owns such a lot of strange things as these?" Then he went through them all, looking at each one in turn and making some remark upon it. "If I don't speak aloud now and then," he said to himself, "I shall forget how to use my tongue, for who knows how long I may be here before a passing ship picks me up?"

Thus he sat, handling everything in turn, and pondering over his future. When he came to the bag of gold, he laughed aloud and thrust his fingers through the shining coins, thinking to himself they would be little use to him in that desert place to which he had come. "I might have a thousand pounds," he said, "but what good would it do me here? There is no one to sell, no one to buy. A beggar is as rich as a king, a king is as poor as a beggar." With that he flung down the bag, so that the money rattled loudly, as if it did not like being treated in this heedless way.

His next thought was to make some sort of a hut, large enough to hold all that he owned. The spot where he had set up his tent at first was near to the sea, and thus it was damp and swept by wind. It was by no means a shelter for wet or windy weather, for in heavy rain and wind the tent would soon have been soaked through, or blown down altogether. Already Crusoe had wondered where it would be best to build a home, and now as he sat looking over his goods the question came again into his mind. "It must be somewhere near to a spring," he said, "or else I should not have water to drink. Next, it must not be in the full glare of the sun, or I might get sunstroke or fever. Then it must be so placed that it will be safe from wild beasts. And, above all, it must look towards the sea, so that I can wave to any ship which may happen to come this way.

With these ideas in his head, he strolled off to look about him.

Presently he came upon the very place

he needed, for, some little distance up a hill, he discovered a small green plain, behind which lay a cave.

"This is exactly what I need," he cried. "The hill will shelter me from behind, and neither man nor beast can climb on to this flat square of land without being heard. As for the cave, it will be a splendid storehouse for my powder and guns."

He rushed back to get wood, canvas and tools, and then, tossing off his coat, he set to work. First of all he put up his canvas tent, and then he got some great stakes, which he drove into the ground at the edge of the plain, till he had made a high paling. To make it stronger he added a second row, a little way apart, and between the two he nailed pieces of wood crosswise. By these means he made his fence very secure. But to make it still safer he decided not to have any door, but to go in and out with the help of a ladder, which he put up on one side and then

let down on the other. When he had come over the paling he was always careful to bring his ladder back into his house, so that even if an enemy were to come by, he could never climb the steep, strong fence.

It took a good many days to do the work, but at last it was all finished, and Crusoe had carried inside his powder, his guns, his food, his bedding, his tools, his money and all the other things which he possessed. He felt very happy and secure within his little kingdom, and at night, when he flung himself into the hammock which he used as a bed, he was too tired with the toil of the day to think about the loneliness of his surroundings.

He had no sooner finished making the fence, than he began to hollow out the small cave, which lay just behind his tent and within the paling. It was hard and tiring work, for he had no proper spade, and he had to use one that he had cut out of a piece of wood.

"HE DECIDED NOT TO HAVE ANY DOOR"

Long before he had got the cave ready a terrible thunderstorm swept over the island. At once Crusoe thought of his powder, and every moment he dreaded to hear it explode. So after the storm had passed he at once set to work to make bags. Then, dividing his powder into small portions, he wrapped each one up by itself, and stowed it away in a dry corner of the rock, to be safe against lightning. This undertaking took him several days, after which he went on digging out his cave more eagerly than ever. Soon it was as large as a good-sized room, and Crusoe amused himself by calling it his kitchen. Here he kept most of his stores, and all those things which he knew would be spoiled with rain.

# Chapter VII

*Till weeks have passed by, far away he daren't go;*
*For he's always so frightened of meeting a foe.*

FOR a long time after he had built his fence, and set up his house, Crusoe did not dare to go very far away. He thought there might be savages living in other parts of the island, and he feared they would kill him, and perhaps even eat him. For, though he did not know the name of the island upon which he was living, he knew that it was amongst a group of islands where the people were said to be cannibals. At the same time, his stores of food were getting daily lower, till presently he was forced to go out with his gun, to see if he could shoot something for his larder. He hardly expected to find anything that would do for eating, except a few birds, so he was very much pleased

and surprised to see a herd of wild goats feeding in one of the valleys.

"Who would have thought of finding goats upon this island!" he cried. "Now I need never fear starvation." And in his heart he gave glad thanks to God for His goodness.

Whilst he had been working at the fence, or in the cave, Crusoe had had no time to think about anything except what he was doing, but out here in the quiet woods he began to remember the past, and to picture the future. A feeling of great bitterness came over him, when he reflected that very likely he might live in this lonely way for years and years,—perhaps even till his death.

"I shall lose all count of time," he thought, "and I shall forget not only what day it is, but what month and what year. What a miserable man I am! What a life, to be shut off from human beings; to be for ever alone! To be sick and ill—dying, maybe—and yet have no one near! Is life

"HE MADE A LARGE, WOODEN CROSS"

worth living when it must be spent in this sad fashion? What joy or pleasure will ever again be mine?"

But presently this bitter mood changed, and, instead of looking upon all the evil things in his lot, he began to picture the bright side. "Grumbling, am I?" he said severely. "As if I have any reason to grumble, when my life has been saved in so wonderful a way; when I have been washed upon an island where there is food to be got; when I have tools and powder and what not from the ship. Robinson Crusoe, you are a worthless fellow, complaining when you ought to be singing, and idling when you ought to be working!" With that he turned his steps to the shore, where he made a large wooden cross, and planted it firmly in the sands, after first cutting upon it these words:

"*I came on shore here on the*
*30th of September, 1659.*"

Then on the sides of the post he cut a notch for each day, making a longer one for

Sunday, and the first day of the month longer still. He saw that by adding a new notch every day he could easily keep count of the time, and feeling very much happier and more cheerful, he went back to his home. Then, after he had scaled the fence and pulled in the ladder, he sat down in his tent, whistling with gladness to think that in spite of being alone upon an island, he had food and shelter, and a home secure from attack.

# Chapter VIII

*His courtyard gets wet, so he thinks he will thatch it,*
*And goes off to cut down some trees with his hatchet.*

AS Crusoe sat in his tent whistling, his dog came up and rubbed himself against his master.

"Good dog," said Crusoe, patting his rough coat. "What should I do if I had not got you and my two cats? I would rather be without many of my treasures than lose you." Then he put his hand in his pocket, and fed the dog with bits of biscuit, while he thought once more how different his fate would have been, if the ship had sunk before he had been able to carry off what it held.

"Heigho, old fellow," he said, as the last bit of biscuit disappeared. "If we can't buy bread and meat here, we may at least live very comfortably."

Then his eye wandered round the little tent, and for the first time it struck him that he had neither a table nor chairs.

"Then I must make some," he said gaily, and taking his axe with him he climbed over his fence and began searching for a tree made of good hard wood. By-and-by he had found one that pleased him, and after a great deal of toil he managed to hew it down.

"There! the first part of my work is done," he said, wiping his forehead, "but the hardest is still to follow."

This was quite true. For, though he had chopped down the tree, he had now to cut it thinner and thinner, till he had got a sort of rough board, out of which he could shape the legs and other parts of his table and chairs.

Day after day went by, and Crusoe still hewed at the tree trunk, till at last he had got it thin enough for what he wanted. The rest of the work was easy, and quite soon he had a strong-looking table and chair of

his own. One by one he took these great treasures into his tent, and when he had set them in their places he thought they looked fine enough for a palace.

"Who could want anything better than this!" he said, as he put some food on the table. Then, drawing up his chair, he began his meal, his dog and cats at his feet, ready to pick up any pieces that might happen to fall to the ground.

Now that he had begun to have some skill in building and making furniture, Crusoe decided to thatch in the whole of his little courtyard; for very often there were terrible storms of rain, which rushed upon his tent like a waterfall. To keep himself dry when such a thing happened, he cut a great number of poles. Each one cost him several days' work, for he had only an axe and a plane to work with, and it took him many an hour to do what another man with proper tools could have finished in a few minutes. Many a time when he was on the point of grumbling,

"HE CUT A GREAT NUMBER OF POLES"

about not having this or that, he would suddenly remember how much he had really got, and then he would set to work harder than ever, determined to be as happy as he could on this lonely island, where he was forced to live.

So he chopped away at the trees till at last he had got all the poles he needed, and then he carried them home. It was a heavy task getting them over the fence, but he managed it by degrees, and there were his poles, a great pile of them, only waiting to be fixed in their places. This was quite a simple piece of work, and soon Crusoe had fastened them from the edge of his palings to the top of his cave, so that they stretched across the courtyard like the beams of a roof. The next thing to be done was to make the thatch. "Leaves," said Crusoe, after a moment's thought—"that is the best I can do."

So he went out and gathered boughs, and the largest leaves he could find. Then he piled them thickly on the top of the

poles, so that neither the driving rain, nor the hot rays of the sun could get through them.

After this he set to work to add all sorts of little things to his cave. Along one side he fixed up shelves, on which he put his packets of powder, his nails and his stores. Opposite to these he drove in nails, so that he was able to hang up his guns, and anything else of the kind. So that, instead of an untidy heap of all sorts of odd articles lying about here and there, he had them neatly fixed, where he could get them quite easily whenever they were needed.

When it was all done he felt he had really got a home worth the name. The cave was his dining-room, kitchen and storeroom; the tent was his bedroom; and the courtyard was an arbour in which he could loll at ease, without being wet by the rain or burnt by the sun.

# Chapter IX

*By chance he casts down a few grains on the soil,*
*From which he gets cornfields; though not without toil.*

BUT though Crusoe had now got quite a lot of things round him, not a day went by without making him feel the need of something or other. Thus he had neither lamp nor candle, and so he had always to go to bed as soon as the night came. Evening fell quickly in the island, for there was very little twilight. By seven o'clock it was usually much too dark to see. Often when he had been working very hard, Crusoe was quite tired enough to go to sleep very early, but there were other days when he could neither sleep nor see, and he lay in his hammock, longing for a lamp. One of these nights, when he lay wide awake, an idea sprang into his mind. Why shouldn't he

make oil from the fat he got from the goats that he killed and cooked? The more he thought about it, the easier it seemed, and when daylight came he eagerly began to try his plan. After two or three attempts, he made a little dish and baked it in the sun. Then with the tallow as oil, and a piece of oakum as wick, he made a lamp of a sort. The light that it gave was very flickering and weak, but it was much better than nothing, and Crusoe looked upon it as a great prize. Now he could go to bed when he chose; and though many a time, through weariness, he went as early as before, he had quite a different feeling. For he knew that, if he liked, he could light his little lamp, and sit and read one of the few books he had brought from the ship, or else write in the diary which he had begun to keep, lest he should forget what had happened to him since that terrible day when he had been flung into the sea.

A little while before this he had one

day come upon a small sack which had once held corn for fowls. He looked inside to make sure it was empty, and seeing nothing there but a few dry husks, he turned the bag inside out and shook it free from dust. Shortly afterwards the great rainstorms began, and for a few days it rained with such force that Crusoe was obliged to leave his tent and live entirely within his cave.

He watched with amazement the streams of water which rushed over the island; for neither in America nor England had he seen rain fall in such torrents. Work out of doors was not to be thought of; so he sat there in his cave, sorting his goods, cooking his food, and playing with his dog and his cats.

By-and-by the sky began to grow lighter, till at last the downpour stopped altogether, and Crusoe stepped out into the woods.

What a delicious scent there was in the air after the rain! And how wonderfully the flowers and the grass had sprung up!

"HIS HEART WAS FILLED WITH JOY"

But suddenly he came upon an even more surprising sight. For in front of him he saw a cluster of green stalks, which made him think of England ; and looking more closely he found that they were what he thought, ears of barley! This discovery was enough to startle him ; since he had never found any grain upon the island, and for a moment he could not think how it could have come there. But presently he remembered the bag which he had turned inside out. It had held grain for fowls. Some of those dried-up husks that he flung so carelessly upon the earth, had taken root in the hard, dry soil, and the rain had made them spring up.

"Wonderful!" cried Crusoe, fingering each blade in turn. "Who would have thought that these fresh green spikes could come out of the dust I shook from the bag?"

He spent the rest of the day wandering about the woods, getting game for his

larder. But every now and then he remembered the blades of barley, and each time he wondered afresh. So that when he went home in the evening, he saw in his mind, fields of yellow grain upon that desolate southern island. And as he pondered upon the miracle his heart was filled with joy at the wonders of the earth, and the goodness of God.

# Chapter X

*There's a crash and a rumble; an earthquake is near;*
*Fast over the paling climbs Crusoe in fear.*

EVERY day after this Crusoe went to look at the ears of barley. He knew that the seeds would be precious, so he took great pains to water and look after the plants. He discovered also some stalks of rice not far away, and these he also tended. Then when the time for gathering came, he carefully plucked the ears, and rubbing the seeds dry he stored them away in his cave till the season for sowing them should come round.

He began to feel happy and secure on his island, when a sudden shock came to disturb him. He was in the cave when it happened. Rumble, rumble, rumble went the earth, and with a dreadful crash a piece of the cave split and fell to the ground.

Happily for Crusoe it was not at the end where he was standing, and he had time to rush out into the courtyard without being hurt. Too frightened to stay anywhere near, he snatched up his ladder and scrambled over the fence, thinking he would be safer away from the hill. But wherever he turned the earth seemed to be rocking, and when he looked out to sea he noticed with terror that the waves were being tossed about with great violence.

"It is an earthquake," he said, and he threw himself down on the ground, too dizzy to see; too frightened to move.

Three times the earth trembled and shook, and each moment Crusoe expected to be swallowed up, or buried by some falling rock or tree. But presently the ground stopped quivering, and with a sigh of relief he sat up. The next minute fresh trouble came upon him, for a tremendous wind arose and dashed over the island like a fury. Trees were torn up by their roots; great stones were thrown from their places,

and the shore was covered with a raging sea. For two hours this dreadful wind blew on its course, then it dropped as suddenly as it had sprung up.

"What will happen next?" thought Crusoe, and scarcely was the thought in his mind before the sky seemed to open, and rain poured down—rain in gallons at once, as if it came from a hundred spouts. "This is almost worse than either the earthquake or the hurricane," he cried, and he dashed back as fast as he could into his home. He found that his tent was swaying about, ready any minute to fall. This forced him into his cave, though not without some fear, for there at the far end could be seen the great mass of soil and rubbish, which but a little while ago had been torn down by the earthquake.

"If I stay outside I shall be swept away by the rain," he said, "and if I hide in here, I may be buried by the roof of the cave. How I wish I knew the best thing

"HE DASHED BACK AS FAST AS HE COULD"

to do! Well, for the present I shall just stay here."

So there he sat, by the mouth of his kitchen, full of fear and dismay, watching the rain, which had now grown to a flood, and stood high and deep in the courtyard.

"If this is a country of earthquakes," he said to himself, "then it is not safe to live in a cave near a hill. To-morrow I must find out some safer, more open spot, where I can set up my tent afresh. But then what about my fence? Would it not be better to stay here, where I am well shut in, and run the risk of another storm, rather than go to an open plain? Worse things might befall me than an earthquake. Savages might come past. Who knows?"

With these thoughts in his head he dropped off into an uneasy sleep, from which every now and then he started up, thinking another earthquake had come upon him.

# Chapter XI

*He thinks 'twould be safer to live on a plain;*
*But plans are put off, for he wakens in pain.*

SCARCELY had daylight come when Robinson Crusoe opened his eyes, only to remember the dreadful storms of the night before.

"Any day there may be another earthquake," he thought to himself, as he swallowed down his breakfast. "My best plan would be to move my tent to a more open spot."

With this idea in his mind he had no sooner finished his meal than he got out all his tools and set to work to grind them. This was a long and difficult task; for the grindstone was large, and he could not turn it and at the same time hold the blade of the axe upon it. He sat down to puzzle out how to manage this difficulty,

and by-and-by he hit upon a way. For he made a wheel with a loop of string hanging from it, which he worked with his foot, so that he had both his hands free to guide the blades upon the grindstone as it turned round. It took a week before he had got the wheel in good working order, but it was quite worth the trouble he spent, for he found he could get his tools sharpened both quickly and well.

There were three large axes and several other tools to be done, and two more days went by before these were ready. But when they lay on the ground as sharp as a razor, and as bright as a new pin, Crusoe felt very proud of his work.

"I never saw them look better," he said, picking up one and looking at its edge. "With these I shall soon be able to cut down wood to make stakes to fence in a new courtyard, and then I will move my tent." For, though he felt afraid of earthquakes in his old dwelling, he thought even this less of a risk than to sleep in

a tent which had no fence round it to keep off enemies.

Next morning he was on his way to the woods, when he happened to look towards the shore. Here he saw that the earthquake had tossed the wreck of the ship up higher and drier. He at once went over to look at it more closely, and to his delight he found that when the tide was low, he could now get to the vessel without even wetting his feet.

"Planks from the ship would be quicker work than cutting down trees," he said, as he hurried over the sands. He came back dragging with him several great boards, and for the next week he went every day to the wreck, till at last he had got a great stock of wood and iron of all sorts.

Another day he found a turtle on the shore, and this he carried home with delight and turned it into a delicious meal.

But this good luck was to be followed by ill-fortune. Just when he seemed to be

recovering from the shock of the earthquake, he was faced with another terrible rainstorm. All day long great showers drove down, forcing Crusoe to stay under cover, shivering with damp and cold. These difficulties kept him from beginning his new courtyard for a time, but at last the tempest passed and he hoped to drive in the first stakes next morning. But when he wakened he was one minute hot and feverish, and the next shivering with cold; and when he tried to get up he found he could not even stand. With a groan he lay down again, feeling more lonely and miserable than he had done since he first reached the island. For a week he lay tossing about in a fever, with no one to bring him food or hold water to his lips. On the eighth day he felt a little better, and though he was very weak he managed to crawl out to look for a meal. Happily he soon shot a goat, and with this he came wearily home. He felt too ill to eat much, and he longed to make broth. But he had

"WITH A GROAN HE LAY DOWN AGAIN"

no pot of any kind to hold a stew, so he had to give up the idea.

"The poorest people in England would have pots and pans in plenty," he said, as he placed the goat to cook on the coals; "but *I* have not even one. Oh, what a wretched and miserable condition is mine, with no food except what I can kill on the island; no one to speak to me; no one to care whether I live or die!"

He sat for a long time staring gloomily into the fire, and then, after he had eaten a little of the goat's flesh, he crept back to his hammock. But the effort of going out had been too much for him in his weakness, and before morning the fever was raging again, and all sorts of dreadful dreams disturbed him. Often he started up in bed, his eyes bright with terror, thinking he saw by his side strange demons, who had come to torment him. For some days he lay in this lonely condition, till gradually the fever burned itself out and he began to get better. He was still very

weak, but he felt that the fever had left him, and with a glad heart he thanked God for his recovery. Very slowly and unsteadily he made his way over the fence to go into the woods to get food. And this time, though he came back very tired and worn out, he felt better than he had done since the day when he found the turtle on the shore. At night, as he lay by the fire, he feebly patted his faithful dog, and with something of his old courage he said: "Never mind, old fellow, your master is better now, and we shall soon be doing all the things we did before."

# Chapter XII

*Then at last he sets off, and a valley he finds,*
*Full of ripe juicy berries, and fruit of all kinds.*

FOR some time after this Crusoe was too weak to do much hard work, and he knew that if he wanted to keep well he must not go abroad during either of the rainy seasons, one of which fell in early spring, the other in the early autumn. The rest of the year was hot and dry, but twice in the year these terrible rain-storms swept down, bringing the gift of fever to any who dared to brave them. Long after he was better, Crusoe every now and then got bad fits of shivering, and it was weeks before he felt really well.

Meanwhile he had a great longing to see the other parts of the island, and he decided to wander off and explore as much as he could. He had never been on the

farther side of the creek where he had been washed up, but now he boldly made his way there. He saw at a glance that this piece of the island was much more woody and beautiful than the strip where he had set up his tent. Before long he came upon great masses of fruit—melons, grapes and several other rare kinds. They were just at their best, very ripe and rich, and as Crusoe gathered great handfuls he felt more glad than ever that he had come out to explore.

He was too far from home to get back that night; so he slept in a tree, and next day went on with his journey some four miles farther. The more he explored, the finer the country became; for this side of the island was so well watered and planted that it seemed almost like a garden. Cocoa-trees, orange-trees, citrons and lemon-trees grew close together, and on all sides were flowers and fruits. He plucked some green limes, and by squeezing them into water he got a cool and re-

freshing drink. This was so pleasant that he made up his mind to gather and store up as much fruit as he could carry; for, either dried or fresh, they would be a splendid addition to his larder. Three whole days went by before he had gathered all that he wanted, and when he came back to his tent he was bent with the weight of the clusters of grapes which he carried upon his shoulders. The next day he went back to the lime grove, only to find the ground trampled on and tossed about. Evidently some wild beast had been straying there, but of what kind Crusoe could not discover. This time he got large bunches of grapes and hung them on high boughs to dry, so that in time they would turn into raisins, to eat in the winter.

As he stood looking round the beautiful spot he thought he had never seen anything more lovely, and he began to wonder whether it would not be better to move his tent from its place by the cave, and plant it in the midst of this rich valley.

"HE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING MORE LOVELY"

On second thoughts he decided not to do this, because there was no view of the ocean, so that he would never be able to tell whether or not a ship had gone by. For every day Crusoe still looked out eagerly to sea, hoping to spy a sail.

So he gave up the idea of making his home in the grove, and instead he set to work, with a sail and some boughs, to build a small summer house, in which he could live a day or two at a time, when out for a ramble.

Even here he dreaded enemies, and to keep them off he made a strong double fence round his bower, and put brushwood in between the two rows of stakes. As before, he made no doorway, but went in and out by means of a ladder. When it was finished it looked very pretty, and Crusoe called it his "country house." The making of it had given him a great deal of pleasure, and he felt proud to think that he owned two houses, both of which were entirely his.

In cold or wet weather the new house was not strong enough to keep out the wind and the rain, and at such times he was very glad to go back to his cave. But in the hot, dry days, when the sun was beating down upon the island, no spot was so nice as the cool, green valley where he had built his bower.

As soon as August came in, Crusoe carried home all his bunches of grapes, which were now thoroughly dried and had become very good raisins. He did not begin this work any too soon; for when August was half way over it began to rain, and from then till the middle of October it rained every day, sometimes in showers, sometimes in great splashing torrents, which kept him, shivering, within his cave. Once or twice he was forced to go out in search of food; but he did not stay long, for he dreaded getting another attack of fever. He passed the time in putting his goods in order; in cooking his food, and in writing in his diary. But by-and-by

his ink began to run short, and he could only write down some of the more exciting things that happened, instead of keeping an account of the whole of the day.

Soon August gave place to September, and the weeks went by till it was the end of the month, or a whole long year since he had first come to the island. What strange thoughts ran through his head as he went to the shore to mark the day on the post he had fixed there! He remembered his parents in England; his friends in Brazil, and, above all, the sailors who had been drowned a year since, not very far away from where the cross stood. Then he thought of his life since then; of the hardships he had had to face—loneliness, hunger, illness and the fear of enemies—and he burned with a great longing to meet someone to whom he could talk. But though he sat there on the soft white sand, staring out to sea, no sail appeared on the sky-line, nothing happened to break the still beauty of the great stretch of deep

blue water. Morning turned into afternoon, and afternoon drew near to evening, and still Crusoe sat there, gazing seaward and thinking. The sudden fall of dark roused him from his dreams, and with a sigh he sprang up and went slowly homeward.

# Chapter XIII

*He goes off with his dog, and his gun, to explore;*
*And soon he gets on to the opposite shore.*

THE grain which Crusoe had planted before the August rainy season by-and-by began to peep up through the earth, though the crop was not so large as he had hoped to get. However, he set more seed in February, just before the March rains began, and this time it turned out better. By this means he found out he would have every year two sowing times and two harvests, so that in time he would easily be able to grow quite enough barley for all his wants. Most of the plants on the island grew very quickly indeed, and when Crusoe went back to his bower, after the two rainy months were over, he was surprised and delighted to find that the

boughs he had put in as stakes round his courtyard had sprung into bud and become a green and beautiful hedge. This gave him a new idea, and when he went back to his cave he cut down a great many branches, and planted them in a double row round the fence of his winter home. Before long these also took root, and by the time three years had passed they had become trees, which not only made a cool shade but also shut off the tent from the sight of anyone on the shore.

By this time Crusoe had quite given up hope of being rescued by a passing ship, though he always pretended to himself that any day he might see a boat full of friendly English sailors, rowing towards his island-prison. He looked upon the island as his own, and he no longer feared attacks from enemies; for he knew that he must be the only person living in that place. This was a terrible thought; and often he felt so lonely and miserable

that he could find no happiness in anything.

One by one the days came and went, and nothing happened to disturb his desolate life. Gloomy thoughts began to fill his mind, but whenever the fits came upon him he made himself work hard at some task or other. And so, when the rain was one day pouring down like a river, he got some twigs from a tree and began to try his hand at basket-making. As a boy he had often stopped to watch men or women busy over weaving rushes, and he soon found he could make very strong, useful hampers. These would be of great service to him in his work, so he made quite a number of them, which he afterwards used for holding the corn and other goods he had got in his store-room.

He was so pleased with this new undertaking that for some weeks he did very little else, and by that time he had baskets of all sorts and sizes for every

'HE BEGAN TO TRY HIS HAND AT BASKET-MAKING"

kind of purpose. The success of his attempt roused in him a wish for some pots and dishes, and he began to turn over in his mind a way for making these also. No doubt he would then and there have tried some plan, but he had been indoors a long while with his basket-making, and he wanted fresh air and change. So he got ready to set off, intending to explore the shore on the far side of the island, where he had never as yet been. He thought he might be away for some time, so he took with him his gun and some shot, a hatchet, his dog, some biscuits and a great bunch of raisins.

"Now I have got all I shall need for some days," he said, and he set off with a light step towards the valley where his summer house lay. He had no time to stay at the bower this morning, and he went straight past it till he had reached the shore. Here he met with a surprise. For as he looked out to sea he saw in the

distance a dim, grey line which he knew must be land.

At first he was wild with joy at the sight, for he thought it might be the coast of America, in which case ships would certainly pass by. But another and less pleasant idea came into his mind. It might not be the coast of America, and, if it were not, then it must be the outline of one of a group of islands, where perhaps a cruel, savage race of cannibals had their home.

"If this last guess is right," thought Crusoe, as he strained his eyes out to sea, "then how thankful I am that I was cast up on the opposite side, safe out of sight."

After exploring the shore for some little time longer, he turned inland a little, where he found long stretches of meadows, dotted with little woods. Parrots flew about everywhere, and after a little trouble Crusoe caught one, meaning to take it home and teach it to speak. This

he actually did in the end, though it was a long time before he could get the bird to say the first word. The neighbourhood was in every way much better than the place where he had pitched his tent. He found hares, goats and pigeons in plenty, and on the shore there were penguins and turtles easily to be had. He had no need to be hungry, for everywhere there were dainties to his hand. It was one of the pleasantest journeys he had ever made. Yet all the time he had a feeling that he was away from home, and he thought often and lovingly about his little tent on the side of the hill.

He meant to go back by another way, so that he would see the whole of the island. But it was larger than he had imagined, and soon he lost his way, and for three or four days he wandered about, not knowing which way to turn. At last he came back to the shore, and walked along the path by which he had come. Presently he came within sight of his

dwelling, and with a great sigh of pleasure he climbed over his fence and raced into his tent.

After being away for a month he was once more at home!

# Chapter XIV

*By now he has got quite a farmyard of pets;*
*But alas, they can't talk;—as he often regrets.*

CRUSOE'S first crop of corn was a good deal spoilt one night by hares and goats trampling upon it, so in great haste he set to work to plant a hedge round the precious grain. At night he tied up his dog inside the field, and by this means he managed to save the rest of his crop. Later on, birds gave him plenty of work. They settled in great clouds upon the ears of corn, and but for his gun he would have seen his entire harvest stolen before his eyes. He hung up several dead bodies of the birds as scarecrows, and the sight so frightened the others that only a few of the boldest ever again ventured near. When the time for reaping came round, he had to

cut the stalks as well as he could with a cutlass, and then rub the ears through his fingers to get out the seed. Even now he could not grind it, so he put it all away for the present, intending to sow it. All this labour made him think how easily in England a man could buy a loaf of bread, which even with all this trouble he himself could not make. For he had neither plough nor spade to dig up the ground; no sickle; no mill; no sieve; no yeast; no oven—all of which were needed for the making of bread. Instead of a plough he used the branch of a tree, which he dragged across the ground over and over again. He dug up the ground as well as he could with a piece of wood roughly shaped as a spade. Except for this and the cutlass he had no tools to help him. But he determined not to be beaten, and each day he turned over a new plan.

In between whiles he had great fits of gloom, for he began to feel more and more

lonely, and often he stayed in his tent, sunk in despair.

But in time even the blackest mood passed away, and then Crusoe would set to work harder than ever. It was on one such day that he began to make pots. To do this he got clay and shaped it as well as he could into dishes and jars. Then he set them in the sun to bake. But many of them broke because the heat of the sun was too strong. He next tried a new way, which turned out much better. For he made three great pots and set them upon some embers. Then he banked up firewood all round them, and put cinders on the outside and on the top. He kept the fire at this heat for about six hours, and then he let it grow gently less, till it had cooled down altogether. He hardly dared to pull away the ashes, lest he should find that his plan had failed. But when he tore down the mound, there stood three splendid jars, burnt quite red, and as hard as anyone could wish.

"THREE SPLENDID JARS"

After this, Crusoe made all sorts of pots and dishes, so that soon he had as many plates and bowls as he needed. These were of great use in many ways; for now he could boil water, and make broth and stews, instead of always roasting his meat. Next he made a great trough, by hollowing out a piece of wood, and with this and a heavy peg as a pestle he found he could pound his corn to powder. An old piece of linen from among his stores made a sieve, and with one of the jars ready to hand he set to work to mix his bread. When the dough was made, he placed it in a pot in the middle of a pile of red cinders, which acted as a sort of oven. The attempt turned out even better than he expected, and when he cut his first slice of bread he thought he had never tasted anything so delicious. By-and-by he began to bake other things besides bread, and before long he could cook all sorts of cakes and puddings. Three years had gone by, and he was still upon the

island. He had seen no one; had spoken to no one. He had many things to make him happy, but nothing could make up for his loneliness, and in spite of many comforts he often longed madly for the sound of a human voice.

# Chapter XV

*He can't cruise about, since a vessel he lacks;*
*"I'll make one," he says, "with my adze and my axe."*

THE remembrance of that coast which Crusoe had dimly seen from the opposite shore often ran in his mind, and stirred in him a desire to know what country it might be. If he had had a boat no doubt he would have paddled off at once to explore. And then he would never have got back. For it was not the coast of America, but an island, and the people who lived there were a fierce, savage race, who often held cannibal feasts. But Crusoe knew nothing of this, and he was eager to take any chance of being rescued that might offer. He had no boat of any kind to help him, so he set to work to make one. The old wreck down on the shore was no use to him, for it was

far too heavy for him to turn over, and so the only way to get a boat was to cut down a tree and hollow it out into a canoe. Whistling gaily he set out to choose his tree. He looked at several, and decided at last upon a gigantic cedar. To cut it down was a heavy piece of work, but at last it was done. And there it lay, a great, solid trunk, measuring nearly six feet across, and almost eighteen feet round.

Such a tree would make a much heavier boat than any one man could move; but this idea did not come into Crusoe's head, and he worked away cheerfully, hollowing out the trunk with his axe. For six months he toiled upon it, till at last he had shaped it into a rough ship. Then he tried to move it down to the water, but to his despair he could not stir it so much as an inch. Many a plan he thought of, but not one was any use, and in spite of his bravest efforts the hulk lay there firm and steady, far away from the sparkling water. In his eagerness to get the vessel afloat,

Crusoe even thought of digging a trench and bringing the water up to the boat. But after beginning upon this, he decided that it would take ten years before he could make a canal wide enough and deep enough for his purpose. So very unwillingly he had to confess himself beaten, and leave his handiwork there on the bank, a proof of the folly of not thinking out a plan to the end before taking it in hand. It was a splendid boat to look at, and big enough to hold no fewer than twenty-six men. But one a quarter its size would have been more use than this great vessel, which lay high and dry on the beach, within sight of the water upon which it would never float.

"Next time I shall be careful to think about the end at the beginning," said Crusoe, and with a sigh he put his axe on his shoulder and turned towards home. He felt a little downhearted when he sat in his little tent and remembered that for a year he had worked hard at his boat,

"HE HAD TO CONFESS HIMSELF BEATEN"

and now it was no good at all. He looked at his bag of money, and even took out some of the coins, thinking at the same time how strange it was to have gold that was quite worthless. If a pedlar could have come along with a bottle of ink, or a pipe, or a handful of carrot seed, Crusoe would very gladly have given him all his sovereigns in exchange. For on this desert island there was no one to care about wealth. No one to buy; no one to sell. With a sudden movement he flung the bag back on the shelf, and began to take courage by remembering how many things he had learnt to do since he had been on the island. How he could cut down trees, build a hut, make pottery, bake, plough, reap corn, and do a dozen other things he would never have known if he had lived always amongst men.

"It is four years now since I came here," he thought. "Was ever time so long! And yet it has been short, also; for when I have been busy over my work, I have

sometimes forgotten how the weeks have slipped past. I have been lonely and desolate, but I have had my dog and my cats to keep me company; and I have never starved. My lot might have been much worse—and, what is more, I must always remember that I first came to sea against the wishes of my parents, who warned me that if I persisted in going I should be sure to come upon some evil chance. Surely, instead of being gloomy and downhearted, I ought to be filled with thankfulness that I am alive."

# Chapter XVI

*Wind and weather begin to make holes in his coats;*
*So he makes a new suit from the skins of the goats.*

AMONGST the things which Crusoe had brought ashore from the wreck were some clothes belonging to the drowned sailors. He had found these very useful, and had taken much care to make them last as long as he could. But four years' hard wear had brought him to the end of his stock, and there was no one to make a new suit but himself. He had never tried to sew, and he feared he would find it a long and unpleasant piece of work. Worse than this, he had no stuff large enough for making a suit, and he did not know what was to be done.

At first he thought it was a puzzle to which he could find no answer. Then he

remembered the goat-skins he had dried and stored up, and he began to wonder if these could be turned into a jacket and trousers. No sooner did he think of it than he went into his cave and brought out his hoard. There were plenty of skins, and they were well dried and free from smell. They would be the very thing for a suit, and after looking carefully through them, Crusoe sat down and began cutting out a jacket. Happily he had got a pair of scissors, so that before very long he had got a rough set of clothes ready for stitching together. This part of the work he found much longer and more difficult than the other, and a good many days went by before he had finished. Besides the jacket and trousers he also made a high-pointed cap, for the sun was so hot and fierce that to go about with an uncovered head might mean sunstroke. It was rather a strange-looking suit when everything was done, but Crusoe felt prouder of it than of anything he had ever worn. He thought an

umbrella was the only thing he now needed, and after trying two or three times he managed to make this also, though its shape was not very round. For a long time he could not think how to make the frame to shut up when not in use, but at last he managed to shape a sort of spring, which acted pretty well. Then he covered the frame with skins, with the hair outside, and in this way he got an excellent umbrella, large enough and strong enough to keep off both sun and rain.

When everything was finished he put on his coat and trousers, settled the cap on his head, and carrying his large umbrella, he went out for a stroll. He felt very proud at the thought that now he was a tailor, as well as a builder, a baker and a farmer.

The next five years after this went by very quietly. He went out for game; he baked; he kept his tents and his fences in repair; he grew corn; and he dried fruit. Dry seasons were followed by wet

"CARRYING HIS LARGE UMBRELLA, HE WENT OUT FOR A STROLL"

seasons, and again the rain gave place to sun, and still Crusoe lived his lonely life upon the island. He talked often to his pets, and did his best to get his parrot to reply, for he was very afraid that presently he might himself forget how to speak. But it was dull work talking without having anyone to answer, and often he spent whole days without saying a word. Many a time he dreamed of exploring the grey coast-line he could see from the opposite side of the island, and with this thought in his mind he began to make a second canoe.

The first craft was still lying on the shore, warning him to make the next one much smaller and lighter, so when he chose his tree for the work, he was careful to pick one not nearly the size of that giant cedar. None of the trees on the island grew very near to the shore, so that he had to build his little boat half-a-mile away from the sea. When it was finished he had to make a canal from which to

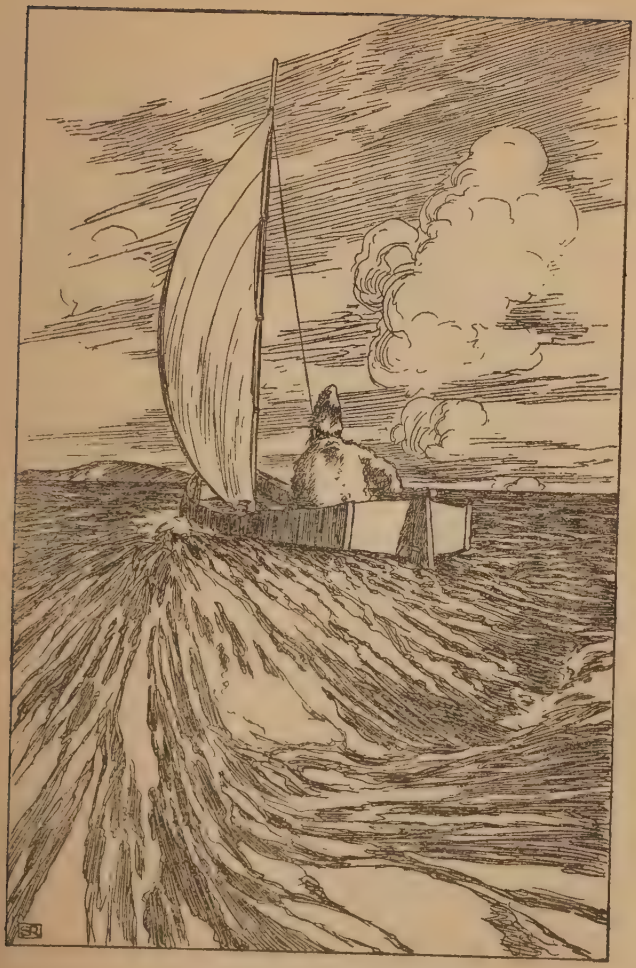
float the ship to the tide. This piece of work lasted a long time. For to make it, he had to dig a trench, six feet wide and four feet deep, along the half-mile that lay between the boat and the ocean. However, he worked at this cheerfully, for he knew that this time his boat was not too big, and once it was on the canal it could easily be paddled to the sea. There were other things for him to do at the same time, birds to be shot and meals to be cooked, so that several years had gone before the boat and the canal were both finished.

"To-morrow," he said, as he took a last look at his trim little canoe, "to-morrow I will go for a sail."

# Chapter XVII

*His boat is too big, so another he makes,*
*And when it is finished, his first trip he takes.*

CRUSOE'S new boat was nicely fitted up with a bench, a mast, a sail, and one or two little boxes on either end, in which he could carry food and shot. The store cases he filled with barley bread, a pot of rice, a piece of goat's flesh, some wine, and some shot. Next he put on board his gun, his umbrella, and two thick coats. These coats had been saved from the wreck, and, though they were much too thick to wear upon the island, they made a nice soft bed in the bottom of the boat. Then when everything was quite ready, he himself stepped on board, and whistling with pride and happiness he set off on his cruise round the island. How his heart



"HE SET OFF ON HIS CRUISE"

leapt as he felt his little ship skim over the waves! It was the first time, for more than nine years, that he had been on the sea, or left the island! No wonder he felt excited; no wonder he whistled with joy!

He set his sail for the east side of the island, but he had not gone very far before he came upon a line of sharp-pointed rocks, beyond which lay a dangerous sandbank. These signs made him fear to go on further without surveying the sea round him, so he anchored his boat and scrambled to shore. There he climbed up a high piece of land, and looked out upon the ocean. By gazing very closely he saw a strong current running towards the east, and he knew that if once his boat was drawn within this it would almost certainly be washed out to sea, far beyond reach of the island. He therefore made up his mind to spend a few days exploring the spot he had reached, hoping that in the meantime the wind would

drop, so that he could venture on in safety. This he did, but even so he came near to being drowned; for in spite of his best steering he was caught in a current and almost overturned. He seemed to be on the point of being dashed into the sea, and with all his heart he wished he had never left the island upon which he had spent nine long years. In an agony of fear he blamed himself hotly for being impatient and discontented with his lot. He was fast drifting out of sight of the island, when all at once the wind changed, and he escaped from the current which had nearly caused his death. He scarcely dared to hope he would ever get back to land, for by now he was so far away that it looked like a dim speck. But as a last hope he set his sail in that direction, and to his great thankfulness he found himself at last upon the northern side of the island. As he stepped ashore he felt like a man about to be hanged who is suddenly pardoned, and

he could hardly believe that he had really escaped safe and sound. In his gladness he knelt on the sand, his heart full of thanks to God.

That night he slept in a little cove close to the shore, and awoke feeling strong and well. He sat for a long time gazing before him, wondering how he could get home. For his tent lay upon the north side of the island, and it was thus a long way from where he had landed the night before. After a good deal of thought he made up his mind to keep close in to the shore, and go along towards the west. This time he did not meet with any accidents, and after he had gone about three miles he came upon a snug little bay where he anchored his boat and went inland to look round him. Although it was November the sun was very hot, and he was glad to make use of his umbrella. He also took with him his gun, thinking he might shoot something for his dinner. Presently he found that though he had

seen so much that was fresh on the shore, in reality he was not very far from the bower that he called his country house. After trying one or two ways he came upon his little cabin, and being glad to find himself at home, he climbed over the fence and lay down under the shade of the trees. He soon fell fast asleep, but by-and-by he wakened in great terror, for he heard a voice saying quite plainly: "Robinson Crusoe; Robinson Crusoe."

# Chapter XVIII

*He gets a great scare when he finds close at hand*
*The print of the foot of a man on the sand.*

PALE with fright, Crusoe sprang to his feet. He felt sure enemies must be upon him. But how could strangers know his name? Again the voice came: "Robin Crusoe; poor Robin Crusoe," and in a moment he knew that it was only his parrot, who had suddenly found its voice. With a great laugh he stretched out his hand and the parrot perched upon it, saying over and over again: "Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been? Where have you been?"

Crusoe was so enchanted at hearing a voice, even if it only came from a parrot, that he felt he could not part from the bird. How it had found its way from the cave to the bower he could not imagine,

but no doubt it had missed its master and had come in search of him.

"Kind Poll," said Crusoe, stroking the parrot's soft feathers. "Polly must come home with Robin Crusoe."

He knew it was no use trying to return in his boat along the east coast, and after his last adventure he did not dare to try the western side, lest it should be just as dangerous. So he set off on foot across the island, leaving his boat safe and dry within the cove. It had taken him two years to make the ship, and now, after all his trouble, he began to fear it would be little use to him. For the coast was so full of dangers that he did not dare to put out at sea.

This adventure being over, and once more at home, Crusoe began to cast about for some new way of occupying himself. In this mood it came into his mind that if he kept a few goats he would be able to get plenty of milk, and also have food for his larder without wasting his precious

stock of powder. To carry out this plan he made snares by digging pits. Then he covered the bottom with rice to tempt the goats. Over the mouth of the pit he placed bars of wood, which were so fixed that they fell into sockets after the goats had entered, and thus kept the animals prisoners.

In this way he at last got a good herd of goats, which he kept in a piece of ground hedged in with a fence. For a time they were very wild, but by a year and a half had gone by they had grown used to their new life, and had become quite tame. Crusoe was greatly delighted, for now he had more milk than he could drink, and with his usual cleverness he soon found out how to turn part of it into cheese and butter. Before four years were ended he had forty-three goats in his farmyard, and his larder was well supplied with meat, milk, butter and cheese. As he sat down at his table, his dog on his right hand, his two cats on his left, and his parrot on his shoulder, he often smiled

"HE SAW THE PRINT OF A MAN'S FOOT"

to himself and thought he was like a king. He could do just what he pleased on the island, for there was no one to oppose him.

A long time passed before Crusoe went back to his boat, for he was happy enough on land, and he remembered how nearly he had been drowned on his first journey. But at last he decided to make his way round the coast by walking, and to take a careful survey of the shore and the tides as he went. He had no sooner got the idea than he set off, looking as queer a figure as could be imagined, with his peaked cap, his goatskin jacket, trousers and leggings. Round his waist was a belt, from which hung a saw and a hatchet, and crosswise over his shoulder was a second band, from which dangled two bags full of shot. On his back was a basket; on his shoulder a gun; and over his head he carried the precious umbrella. His face had long since become sunburnt and brown, and he had a beard about nine inches long.

It took him several days to walk round to the cove, and he noticed as he went along, that on this side of the island the tide was very much calmer and smoother. He was almost tempted to try his boat once more. Then he remembered the last time, and shuddered at the thought. Much the safer plan, he decided, would be to make a new boat, and thus have one for either side of the island. For he could never hope to get round from one shore to the other without being dashed in pieces. He was thinking over these plans as he went from his bower to the shore when suddenly he came upon a sight that drove every other thought from his mind. For on the firm, yellow sand *he saw the print of a man's foot.*

# Chapter XIX

*So from now he's more careful than ever before,*
*To be cautious, and keep a sharp watch on the shore.*

FOR a minute Crusoe stood like a man who is thunderstruck, staring at the mark on the shore. Then with a dash he rushed to his fence and climbed into the courtyard, pulling the ladder in after him with feverish haste. He felt fairly safe inside the strong paling he had set up, but he was still pale and trembling. All kinds of ideas rushed through his mind, and he pictured a man hiding behind every tree and bush around him.

Three days passed, and still he did not dare to go out. Never had he known such long days! Never had he suffered so much fear! But when the third day was over and, in spite of his watchfulness, he

had not heard anything break the stillness of the island, he began to find new courage. At last he ventured to climb up and peer over his fence. He saw nothing there to alarm him, so with great care he got on to the other side and went down towards the shore. As he went his spirits began to come back, and he said to himself that perhaps he had been making a foolish fuss about nothing; perhaps the print on the shore had been made by himself. This idea pleased him so much that he was eager to get to the sands, and no sooner was he there than he put his own foot upon the mark, to see if they were the same size. But alas, for his fancy! The foot that had left its print upon the shore was very much larger than Crusoe's own. Again he was seized with fright, and he looked round, half expecting to see a man spring up from the ground. With a heavy heart he went homeward, wondering what he ought to do next. He thought that if any strangers

were to come upon his cornfields or his goat-yards they would at once guess that a man lived near by, and for a moment he actually thought of destroying his crops and setting free his animals. Soon, however, he saw that this would be a very unwise plan, and instead of this he set to work to make his fences even stronger than before. The trees he had planted round his court-yard, some twelve years ago, were now thick and strong, and by driving some stakes in between their trunks he soon had a second paling. Inside this he cut seven small holes large enough to hold a gun, so that he could fire upon his enemy through these openings without being seen himself. Between the two fences he flung great loads of earth, so that by degrees he made a wall nearly ten feet thick. When everything was done he set his guns in their places, each pointing through one of the little holes, and he managed to join them together, with frames and strings, in such a way that he

"HE SET TO WORK TO MAKE HIS FENCES EVEN STRONGER THAN BEFORE"

could fire off the whole seven in two minutes. Not content with all these plans for safety he planted about twenty thousand osier boughs some distance outside his new fence, so that in time his fortress would be quite screened from every eye. This idea turned out splendidly, and in two or three years' time he was surrounded by such a thick grove of trees that he might almost have been living in a forest.

To be still surer of safety he divided up his herd of goats, keeping some in one spot and some in another. He did this so that if an enemy were to rob him in one place he would not lose all at once. All these labours took him about two years, working hard all the time. At first he toiled away at a great rate, fearing every moment to hear the cry of some savage foe, and even afterwards, when his fear had grown a little less, he still worked as hard as he could. For in his heart there was always the thought: *Whose* footprint could it be that I found on the shore? Is

there anyone upon the island except myself?

Two years went past and Crusoe found no answer to his questions. He began to think he was quite safe and secure; and he lived in his old quiet way. But he still had a secret dread of meeting a sudden foe, and he never went out without taking with him his gun and his telescope. Thus it happened one day, after he had been nearly eighteen years on the island, that when he was gazing out to sea through his glass he saw a dark spot in the far distance. After a good deal of watching, he made up his mind that it must be a boat, though he could not make out any proper shape. This brought a new thought into his mind. Supposing it to be a ship of some sort, had she been paying a visit to the island? and, if so, for what purpose? With these two questions ringing in his head, he hurried down to that part of the shore where he had found the footprint. There he saw a dreadful sight. For *he found a pile of human bones.*

# Chapter XX

*Deep groans from a cave made him pause and stand still;*
*But the only thing there, is a goat very ill.*

FOR a moment Crusoe could hardly believe his eyes, but a second glance showed him he was making no mistake ; the bones were certainly the bones of men. In a flash he understood it all—the footprint on the sand, the speck he had seen out at sea. These cruel cannibals must have come from that far-off coast, where he had often longed to go. They had come in the boat, now out of sight, making for home, and with them they had brought prisoners whom they had killed and eaten. The footprint must have been left by them after one of these visits, though the tide had hidden all other traces of their coming. All this came into Crusoe's mind in a moment. He saw that,

unknown to himself, savages had often visited this far side of the island, and he felt very thankful to think that he had been washed up on the other shore, where evidently the fierce strangers never came. His feeling of joy at his own safety, gave way, by-and-by, to one of rage against men who could be cruel enough to make such a feast, and he said to himself darkly :

"If only I get them within range of my gun I will shoot them dead."

All the way home he thought over what had happened. He decided that after this he must be more careful about firing his gun, lest the noise should reach the ears of the savages and tell them that someone was about. Now that he had got so many tame goats there was not the same need for shooting, and so for two years he never fired off his gun, though at the same time he never went out without it. To make himself still more secure he also used to carry with him two pistols and a great cutlass, so that when he went off for his

walks he looked as if he were going to battle, what with his gun, his two pistols, and his cutlass.

After the day when he found the bones on the shore, Crusoe often went over to the same spot; for he burned to prevent any more such feasts. But the savages did not come often to the island, and for a long time nothing happened to disturb his peace of mind. He had discovered not far from the shore a very large tree, the trunk of which was quite hollow. Here he set up some pistols. It made a splendid look-out tower, where, by crouching down, he would be quite out of view, and yet able to shoot at his enemies over the top of the tree stump.

But in spite of all these preparations no strangers came to the island, and little by little Crusoe began to lose some of his angry feelings against the savages. He argued to himself that quite likely their cruelty sprang from not knowing any better as much as from any other reason. At

the same time he lived in great dread of their coming, and often in his mind he saw himself running along the shore, followed by twenty or thirty dark savages, eager to catch him and kill him.

These fears made him more and more careful about what he did, so that at last he did not even dare to light a fire, lest the smoke should catch the eye of a foe. To get heat he cut down boughs and burnt them under turf, till he had got enough charcoal to make a smokeless fire. He was busy about this work one day when he came upon an unknown cave. He stooped down to look inside. Then he jumped back with a spring. Before him were two shining eyes, gazing out through the darkness.

For a minute Crusoe was too frightened to move, then he caught up a piece of burning wood and rushed into the cavern. As he did so a groan burst upon his ear, and he looked wildly about him, expecting to see a man in pain. He swept the

torch round the cave, lighting up the darkest corners, till it showed in the furthest and dimmest recess a very large goat, dying from old age. Crusoe had been so frightened that now he laughed aloud at his mistake; for the noise had been so human that he thought it had come from a man. He saw that the goat would not live much longer, and he began to look round the cave, wondering if he could make it of any use to himself. It was dry and high, and the floor was covered with a kind of loose gravel, so that there were no beetles or snakes within its shelter. It could be turned into a splendid storeroom for powder, and the idea delighted Crusoe. Next day the goat was dead, and after burying him Crusoe began to bring to this new treasure house such stores of powder and shot as he did not need in his own courtyard. The cave was a great prize, for the narrow entrance led into a large grotto, about twenty feet high, and secure from both rain and damp.

"TWO SHINING EYES, GAZING OUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS"

Crusoe's eyes shone as he looked round his new kingdom; for he knew that if ever he should be hard pressed by savages, he would be perfectly safe within the grotto. No one would dare to follow him there, when he had so much powder at hand. This was a great relief to his mind, and from now he was much happier, and thought less than before about the coming of foes.

# Chapter XXI

*On the shore in the distance a bright flame is seen;*
*Full of fear Crusoe watches; for what can it mean?*

CRUSOE had now been nearly twenty-three years on the island. His dog had long since died from old age, but he had cats and his parrots to keep him company. Besides these he tamed one or two young goats, who lived in the tent with the rest of the animals. His fear of enemies was growing less and less, and he was thus all the more startled when one day he looked out to sea and saw on the shore the light of a flame. But what was much worse than this was that the fire was upon his own side of the island, not where he had found the foot-print and the bones. With the greatest caution he crept to the edge of the cliff, and lying down flat he looked through his

glass. His fears were only too true. There on the beach lay two canoes, and not far away were nine savages, dancing, singing and feasting. The sight froze Crusoe's blood, but he did not dare to show himself; for what could one man do against nine? After long hours of watching he saw them get into their canoes and paddle off, after which he went very carefully over to the opposite side of the island, to see if any strangers had been there also. Here he was just in time to see three canoes driving over the water, and later on, when he crept on to the shore, he found bones and every sign of a horrible banquet.

This discovery made his blood boil with anger, and he began to think out some new plan of punishment. For fifteen months, however, there was no further sign of a canoe, so that by-and-by he began once more to feel easy in his mind.

About a year and a half after the coming of the savages, he was wakened up at

"HIS FEARS WERE ONLY TOO TRUE"

night by a great storm, soon after which he thought that he heard the sound of a gun. In a moment he was up out of bed and over the paling. A second shot told him that the noise came from the sea, and he knew it must be a ship in distress. As fast as he could he tore up brushwood and built up a fire, hoping it would act as a beacon to the sailors. It was too dark for him to see anything, even with the help of his glass, for the night was dark, and a fog hung over the sea. When daylight came he rushed down eagerly to the shore, where he found a boat lying wrecked upon those sharp-pointed rocks, which had once nearly caught Crusoe's little yacht. Long before this the men must all have been drowned, and the thought brought back to Crusoe's mind that day when his own brave friends had sunk in the waters round the island. "I alone saved out of two whole crews!" he cried, "and more than twenty years gone by, since I was first washed up in this place!"

As soon as the tide had turned he paddled over to the wreck to see what he could find within. A dog rushed to welcome him when he arrived, and when Crusoe gave him food and water he raced about with delight. There was not much else in the ship that was unspoiled by water, and the most that he carried away were some casks of wine; some sweets; two kettles; some powder; handkerchiefs; shoes and stockings; some bars of gold and silver; a fire shovel, and a pair of tongs.

With these treasures he rowed back to the shore and carried them safely within his castle. The shining bars of silver and gold he stored on the shelf next to his bag of money. They were quite useless to him, and though in one way he was richer, yet the sight of the glittering metal made him feel more sharply than ever that it really did not matter whether he had any money or not.

# Chapter XXII

*He has such an odd dream, which comes true in the end;*
*For he rescues a stranger and makes him his friend.*

EVER since the time when he had first found bones upon the shore, Crusoe had often had wild and dreadful dreams. He knew he ran very great danger; he knew that if he were to fall into the hands of these dark-skinned strangers, he would almost certainly be killed and served up for a feast. Many a time in his sleep he started up, thinking they had set upon him and were about to rob him of life. These terrifying fancies grew worse instead of better as time went by, till at last he thought no life could be more miserable than the one he was living. One such day, however, he had a dream of a different kind. He thought he was going out for a walk as usual when he saw

"HE WAS DISAPPOINTED TO FIND IT ONLY A DREAM"

two canoes come to the shore. Eleven savages leapt to land, bringing with them a prisoner whom they meant to eat. But just as they were about to kill their man he jumped up and ran away into the woods near Crusoe's house, upon which Crusoe came forward, and the stranger kneeled to him and swore he would be his faithful servant. After this Crusoe helped him over the fence, and so he was saved from his enemies. All this he saw so clearly in his sleep that, on wakening, he was disappointed to find it only a dream, and he became quite downcast and gloomy. Nevertheless the memory of the dream stayed with him, and in the next few days he thought often about it. As a result, he made up his mind to try to catch one of the savages, so that with his help he might in the end make his own escape from the island.

# Chapter XXIII

*It was Friday it happened, on Friday he came;*
*And so Crusoe decides he will give him that name.*

ABOUT a year and a half had gone by, and still Crusoe had not forgotten his dream, though he hardly expected it would ever come true. Then one morning he was surprised at seeing on his own side of the island no fewer than five canoes, out of which the men had all landed.

"*Five* canoes!" he said, in dismay; "and there are generally five or six men in each. How can I hope to fight against twenty or thirty savages at once?"

Nevertheless he was so eager to carry out his plan of attack that he stole up to the top of the hill, and, keeping well out of sight, he looked towards the shore. Here he saw thirty men, dancing round a fire,

the flames of which rose high and bright in the air. Presently he saw some of the men go over to one of the boats and drag out two unhappy captives, who were evidently to be slain and eaten. One they instantly killed, but, while they were busy over their cruel work, the second man broke away and ran at full speed over the sands. Fear gave him speed, and he ran like the wind, so that he was soon a good way along the shore. Crusoe, watching with great eagerness, saw him get up to the creek, swim across it, and then scramble up the banks on to the island. Two men followed after, but they were some way from him. The dream of two years ago flashed into Crusoe's mind, and he felt he must at all costs save the poor runaway. He fixed his ladder in place, put his guns ready, and then went down to the creek by a short cut, so that he was thus between the runaway and the men coming after him. It was no time for mercy, and with two shots from his gun Crusoe killed both

"HE STOOD LIKE A MAN TURNED TO STONE"

the men, and then called to the other one to stop. He, poor fellow, was so astonished by what had happened (for he had never so much as heard of a gun before), that he stood like a man turned to stone. Crusoe beckoned to him, and showed, by every sign he could think of, that he meant to be his friend; till at last, trembling with fright, the stranger drew near him, and kneeling down kissed the ground, to show that he would be his slave for ever. Crusoe patted him on the shoulder, and went through all sorts of tricks, trying to show that he meant to be kind. Then he took him by the hand, pointing to the woods, and so at last he brought him to his home.

By this time the new-comer had made up his mind that Crusoe was at anyrate better than the dark savages in the boat, so he climbed up the ladder very willingly. Once inside he looked round him with great interest, exclaiming with excitement at many of the things which caught his eye.

Very soon Crusoe got out some bread and raisins and a pot of water. Then he pointed to them, to let his guest see he meant him to make a meal. He did not need to point twice, for the stranger was hungry and thirsty after his race for life, and he ate and drank with great eagerness. This being over, Crusoe showed him some straw and a blanket, and here he lay down, and was soon fast asleep. As he slept, Crusoe sat by his side, looking at his face and wondering what his story could be. He seemed to be about twenty-six years of age, and though his skin was very dark brown, his hair was fine and silky. He had splendid teeth, and bright eyes, but his well-shaped nose, and his firm mouth showed that he was not a negro. As he looked down upon him, Crusoe felt his heart strongly drawn to this helpless guest, who had come to him in such a strange manner.

"Exactly like my dream," he murmured to himself. "How very strange it should

have happened like this. Now that he has come, he must stay with me always. I shall have to give him a name. Let me see, it is Friday. Very well then, I shall call him Friday."

# Chapter XXIV

*Man Friday loves Crusoe, and thinks it great fun*
*To learn how to work, or to shoot with a gun.*

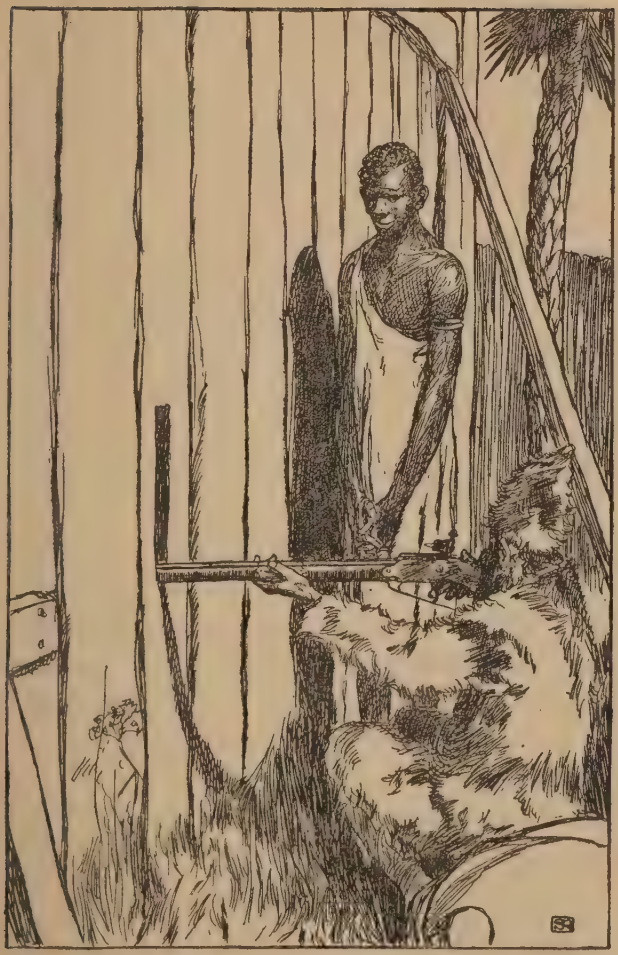
NO sooner was Friday awake than he ran up to his master, and once more bowed to the ground in sign of his obedience. Crusoe smiled, and patted him to show his goodwill; for he could not understand Friday's language, nor could Friday make out a word of English. But the savage could understand a kind act, and the fact that Crusoe had saved his life made him for ever love his master. Now that he had got someone to share his tent, Crusoe began to realise how very lonely he had been. He soon taught Friday a few words, such as "master," "yes," "no," and the names for the things on the table, and his pupil was so quick to learn that before very

long the two could understand each other quite well. This greatly delighted Crusoe, who found talking a great joy after his long years of silence. Many a time they sat chatting about the island, the feast which Crusoe had spoilt, or the far-away coast from which the savages had come. Friday was eager to tell all that he could, for he never forgot that but for Crusoe's help he would have been slain and eaten.

"Oh, master," he said, "you can't think how I felt when I began to run; how the air sang in my ears; how my knees shook with fright."

"All the same," answered Crusoe, "you ran like the wind. I never saw anyone go so fast."

"Do you think so?" said Friday, smiling at the praise. "I have often been told I run well, but to run in a race, and to run a race for life is not at all the same thing. But for you, master, I should have been caught in the end."



"'TEACH ME, MASTER; TEACH ME'"

"Perhaps," said Crusoe. "Yes; it was as well I saw you. Did I ever tell you about the dream I once had, in which I saved a man from being killed by his enemies?"

"Yes," said Friday. "But tell it me again. I am never tired of hearing it."

So Crusoe told him about the strange dream he had had about two years ago, and Friday, sitting at his feet, listened thoughtfully.

"And I was really that savage you saw," he said, when Crusoe stopped. "Master, how did I get into your dream?"

Crusoe shook his head; it was a question he could not answer. And for a time he sat, like Friday, pondering over what had taken place. By-and-by he looked up and spoke again.

"Friday, can you shoot?"

"Shoot?" repeated Friday, not understanding the word.

"Make a noise with a gun," said Crusoe, tapping his own weapon.

"Oh, ah!" cried Friday. "No, I can't do that. But *do* teach me, master; teach me."

Crusoe was quite ready to show him how to do this, and a thousand other things, so that before very long he was able to shoot, chop wood, milk the goats, and help in all the work of the island. When he first came to the tent he had worn no clothes of any kind, so Crusoe gave him a pair of linen trousers from the last shipwreck, and made him a coat and a cap like the ones he himself wore. Friday was very proud of his new finery, and though, at first, he found the wearing of them rather uncomfortable, he was much too delighted with them not to put them on.

"Master, don't I look splendid?" he said many a time in the day. "Did ever you see a grander coat, or a smarter Friday?"

"Never," said Crusoe, making the answer he always made. "On my word, Friday, you look a very fine fellow."

"Hooray!" said Friday, and he walked round the courtyard, his head very high in the air; for had not his master just told him he looked a very fine fellow?

# Chapter XXV

*Then together they fashion a very large boat;*
*After which the next thing is to set her afloat.*

WHILST Crusoe and Friday were living together they had plenty of time to talk about all sorts of things, so that by-and-by Crusoe had heard a great deal about the savage races living on the distant island. Their cannibal feasts, he learnt, were held only after a battle. When men had been taken captive in fighting, they were always kept to be eaten.

"And do you always come to this island for your feasts?"

"Nearly always," said Friday. "It is where our fathers, and their fathers before them, came."

Crusoe shuddered at the thought of all those horrible banquets, and he told Friday

that to eat a man was a very wicked and disgusting act.

"I did not know," said Friday. "No one ever told me."

"But now that you have been told," said Crusoe, "if ever you do such a thing again it will be much more wicked than if I had not told you."

"I will remember," said Friday soberly. "Master, I will never any more eat man's flesh."

"Promise," said Crusoe firmly.

"I promise," answered Friday. "Before this I did not know that it was bad to eat men. Now, I promise never to do it again."

From this they began to talk of other things, among which Friday told Crusoe that there were living upon that far island some men who had white skins. "But," he added, "they are very cruel men, and they have killed many of my people."

"Spaniards, I expect," said Crusoe to himself; for he knew that the Spaniards

had settled among some of those islands, where they had very much ill-treated the savages.

"Could I get over to the island?" he asked.

"Yes; if you go in two canoe," said Friday.

"Two canoe?" said Crusoe, puzzled to know what he meant. But soon he found out that "two canoe" stood for a very large ship.

"Of course," he said—"a very big canoe, or else it would get broken to bits by the sea."

"Let us make one," cried Friday, clapping his hands. "You and I, master; let us make a great big ship between us."

"Perhaps," said Crusoe. "I will think about it." For in his heart he was not very sure whether it would be wise to go near to that distant island about which Friday talked.

Month after month went by and still Friday and Crusoe lived together on the

desolate island. So far they had seen no enemies, and though nearly three years had gone since Friday had first come there, neither Crusoe nor he had seen any canoes filled with savages. In the meantime Friday had learnt all that Crusoe could teach him, and he now spoke English almost as well as his master.

"You know, master," he said, one day, "on my island over there are some white men besides the others I told you about before. They are not Spaniards, but English, like you are."

"Are you sure?" asked Crusoe. "It seems very strange. How did they come there?"

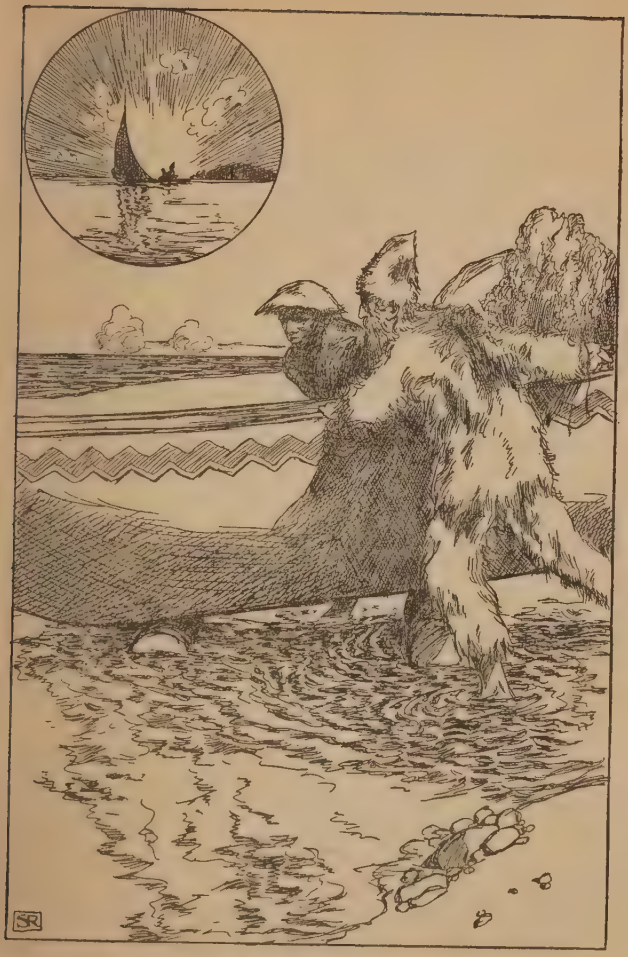
"From a shipwreck," said Friday. "We saved them."

"And have they lived with you ever since?" cried Crusoe.

Friday nodded. "Ever since," he echoed.

"Why didn't you eat them?" said Crusoe.

"Because they made peace with us,"



"THEY ROLLED THE BOAT INTO THE WATER"

said Friday. "Besides, master, don't you remember, I told you that our people never eat men except after a battle."

"Friday," said Crusoe solemnly, "if ever you go back to your own tribe, what will you do? Will you be a cannibal again?"

"Never, never!" cried Friday. "I will teach them all that it is wicked. After that they will never again have their feasts. Come with me, master; come and see. I will tell them what you have done for me, and they will all love you."

Crusoe shook his head, though in his heart he still had a desire to cross over to the island. And when Friday next asked if they should not begin to make a large boat Crusoe did not say no.

The first thing to do was to find a tree of the right kind for hollowing out, and after some little search one was found. Between them it was soon cut down, and then they both set to work to shape it into a ship. For a month they toiled at it all

day long, and before two months were over it was quite finished. After this they cut some round timber, upon which they rolled the boat into the water.

"Isn't it splendid?" cried Friday, waving his hat in the air. "How many will it hold, master?"

"About twenty, I think," said Crusoe, who was just as proud as Friday of the new vessel. "But I think it ought to have a mast and some sails."

"How?" said Friday, who had never been in anything except a canoe.

"I will show you," said Crusoe, and after a good deal of work he managed to cut out a mast and a sail. Friday looked on with surprise and interest, for he had never before seen a ship like this one.

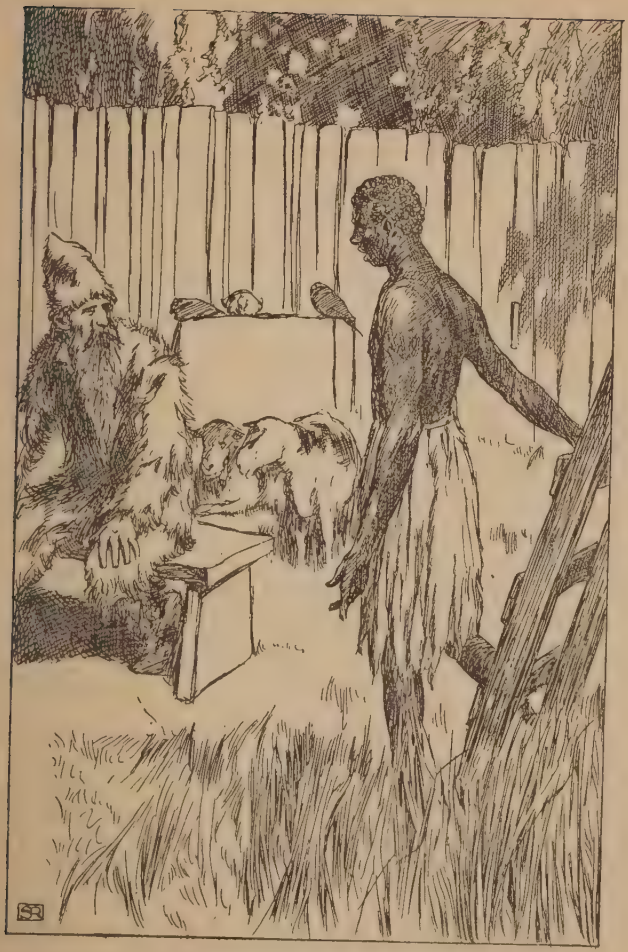
After all this was finished they got into the boat, and Crusoe gave Friday his first lesson in managing a sail. In this, as in everything else, he was very quick to learn, and soon he could guide the boat almost as well as Crusoe.

# Chapter XXVI

*"Oh, master! oh, sorrow!" cries Friday one day;*
*"I see three canoes, and they're coming this way!"*

NEARLY twenty-seven years had gone by since that dreadful day when Crusoe had been washed up on the island. He had grown much older and greyer. But the simple life that he lived, with the fresh air and the sea winds blowing round him night and day, kept him well and strong, so that he felt as young as ever he had done. Nevertheless there were times when he began to wonder wistfully if he would ever again see England, or if he would die out here amid the Southern Seas, without ever seeing his friends. Thoughts like these were running through his head one day when Friday came racing towards him.

"Oh, master!" he cried, as soon as he



"'CANOES,' JERKED OUT FRIDAY"

had got enough breath to speak. "Bad news! Bad news!"

"What is it?" said Crusoe sharply. "Be quick."

"Canoes," jerked out Friday. "Coming this way. Many canoes, master. Six."

"Is that all?" said Crusoe. "Never mind, Friday. If you do just what I tell you, we shall be able to hold our own."

"Shall we shoot them?" asked Friday.

"If we are in danger, we must," answered Crusoe. "You take a hatchet and a pistol, and I will look after the rest."

Too frightened to speak, but very glad to be doing something, Friday got everything ready. And soon, well laden with shot and powder, the two men were off towards the side of the island where the boats would land.

"Will you promise to stand by me in all that I do?" said Crusoe, as they went along.

"When you die, master, I die," answered

Friday; and Crusoe saw that he meant what he said.

By-and-by they came to the top of the hill, and by lying down flat and looking through his glass Crusoe made out that there were no fewer than twenty-one savages, who had brought with them three unhappy captives, whom they meant to kill and eat. The sight filled Crusoe with anger, and he bade Friday follow him quickly. Very swiftly, but very quietly, they passed through the wood, till they were within reach of the shore.

"Hide down among these bushes and then shoot," whispered Crusoe. Friday nodded, and a minute later they both fired off their guns, killing three men and wounding five others. With a yell the whole dark-skinned crowd sprang to their feet; but again Crusoe and Friday let fire. Wild with fright, the savages fled along the shore, and, with a shout, Crusoe and his man raced toward them.

"Save the prisoners!" cried Crusoe, and

he darted to the boat where the men lay bound. In a twinkling he had cut their bonds. There was a fierce struggle, and in the end, out of all the twenty-one men who had come thither, only three, who hurriedly paddled off in one of the canoes, got away. Crusoe was rather uneasy at the escape of these three, but he soon made up his mind there was no need to worry. He thought they would carry back such a tale to their island that no one would again dare to come to the island. And indeed this was just what happened. For the savages were so surprised at the sudden attack, that they thought they had been set upon by men who were not mortal. Meanwhile Crusoe was busy untying the rope that fastened one of the prisoners, when he heard a great shout from Friday:

"Master, master!" he screamed, dancing about with excitement. "Master, come here."

# Chapter XXVII

*There's a fight, and behold, with great joy Friday knows,*
*He has rescued his father from merciless foes.*

WHEN Crusoe heard Friday's shout he went towards him as fast as he could, and found him hugging one of the prisoners whom he had just rescued.

"It's my father!" cried Friday, laughing and crying at once. Then he danced up and down on the shore, and did everything that he could to show his joy and delight. After this he began to rub his father's feet and hands, for they were stiff with being tied up so tightly, and every now and then he patted and stroked him all over, from excitement at his discovery.

"I had thought of going after those three men in the canoe," said Crusoe, "but by now they are well out of sight."

"Yes," said Friday, hardly hearing what he said. "Master, *it's my father!*"

"Have you given him anything to eat and drink?" said Crusoe.

"No, no," replied Friday. "Shall I give it him now?"

Crusoe handed him some bread and raisins, and Friday pushed them eagerly into his father's hand. Then suddenly he set off, running like a whirlwind down the shore and up through the wood.

"Where has he gone?" thought Crusoe, "and what can he want?"

Presently Friday came back, but more slowly than he had gone; for he carried in his hand a stone jar filled with water.

"This is what he wants, master," he cried, and he hastened to pour some out for the old man, who was fainting from terror and pain. The water, however, did him a great deal of good, and soon he sat up and looked round him.

"You must not forget the other captive,

Friday," said Crusoe; "go and give him some water, too."

"I will, master," said Friday, and he flew across to the spot, where the second captive (a Spaniard) lay on the sand.

"Now we must get them home," said Crusoe. "How shall we manage it, for they certainly are not able to walk?"

Friday thought for a minute, then he picked the Spaniard up in his arms, carried him to the boat, and put him near to his father. In this way he paddled them along to the creek, and so brought them to land.

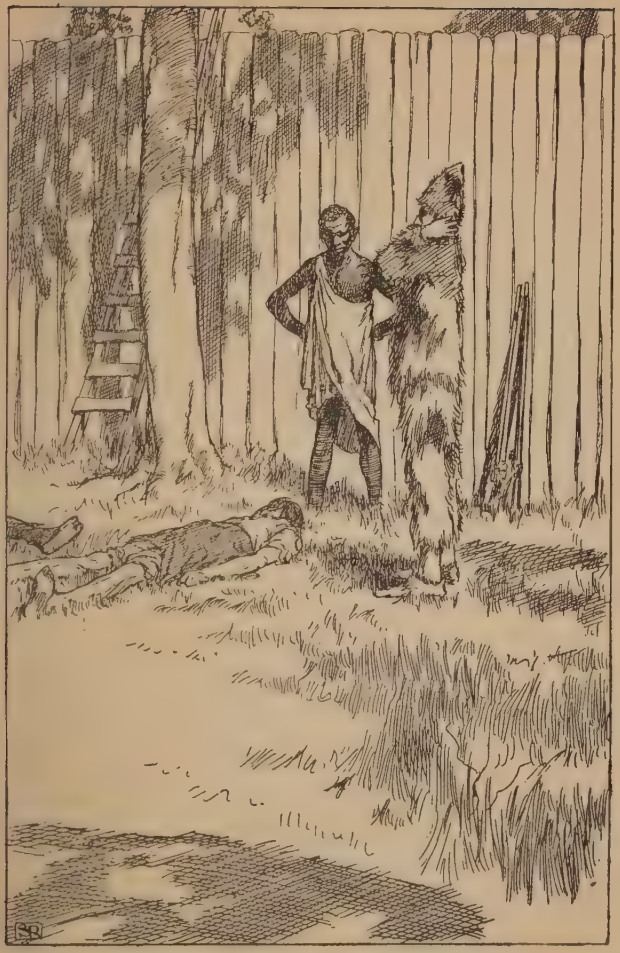
"Very good, so far," said Crusoe, "but what about the rest of the way?" This was a point that needed a little more thought. But at last, between them, they made a kind of stretcher, Crusoe holding one end and Friday the other.

In this way they got their men as far as the courtyard. Here they came to a standstill; for how could they get over the high paling? Even Crusoe could

think of no way out of this difficulty, so he told Friday to help him to make a tent on the outside of the yard. In about two hours' time they had set up a good-sized tent, inside which they put two beds of straw, with a blanket to cover each. The sick men were full of joy at this kind treatment, but, being spent and weary, they could only show their gratitude by their thankful looks.

"I know ; I know," said Crusoe, pulling out the straw and seeing that they were quite comfortable. "Go to sleep for a little, and soon you will be better."

Neither understood what he said, but they smiled back in return, and soon fell into a slumber. Upon this Crusoe climbed over the fence, where he began to busy himself over making some broth for supper. As he stirred the pot, he thought to himself that now he was really like a king. For he had got an island and subjects of his own, and he could rule as he pleased without fearing any foe.



"HOW COULD THEY GET OVER THE PALING"

"A Spaniard, two savages, and an Englishman upon a desert island," he said half aloud. "Surely there never was such a strange supper-party as mine." The broth being ready, he carried the pot over the fence into the new tent, and calling Friday he beckoned the two strangers to join them. Both were now beginning to recover, and they crawled feebly towards the dishes. Soon they were all enjoying the good broth that Crusoe had made, while Friday told his master what the men said; for the Spaniard spoke the language of the savages very fairly well, through having lived so long amongst them.

"What a party!" thought Crusoe more than once, as he glanced round him. "If ever I get back to England, what a tale I shall have to tell!"

# Chapter XXVIII

*The Spaniard and savage then get a canoe,*
*And off they set gaily to Friday's "Halloo."*

IN a few days' time both the Spaniard and Friday's father were well, and Crusoe began to think about supplying his larder, now that his family had grown suddenly so large. For corn that would be plenty for one, would be very little for four; and though there were a great many goats on the island, still it would not do to shoot too many at once.

He asked the strangers if they thought the savages would soon return, but they both declared that they would be too frightened to come near the island again. And Friday's father added, that as he lay in the boat, he had heard the others shouting out that the guns were being fired by two

great spirits, who had come to punish them for their evil deeds.

"Then you feel sure they will not venture to come here, at any rate for some time to come?" asked Crusoe.

"Perfectly sure," he answered; "even if they escaped being drowned on the voyage they would never dare to come back to this shore. They will always look upon it as bewitched."

"That is a good thing," said Crusoe heartily. "Then, if it turns out as you say, you are likely to be here for a long time."

"Not longer than we were amongst the savages yonder," said the Spaniard.

"We?" exclaimed Crusoe. "What do you mean?"

"Why," answered the Spaniard, "there are sixteen more of my countrymen over there. We were shipwrecked there, many years ago, and ever since then we have lived among the savages."

"Then Friday's story was quite true,"

said Crusoe. "He said there were many men living there who were not of his own tribe. But if you were so many, why did you not make good your escape?"

"We had no boat," said the Spaniard, "no tools, and no wood. We held many meetings between ourselves, trying to think of a plan. But everything ended in words, and meanwhile we went on living among the savage folk on the island."

"A miserable condition," said Crusoe.

"You say the truth," replied the Spaniard. "Now that you know the story, can you not help me to bring them aid?"

"How?" said Crusoe shortly.

"If they were here," said the Spaniard, "we might soon make a boat strong enough to bear a sea voyage."

"But," cried Crusoe, "how do I know, that even if I let them come here, they would not fall upon me, or else carry me as a captive to your own country?"

"I would give my word," said the

Spaniard. "They would be too thankful for your help to dream of harming you."

"I will think about it," said Crusoe.

"In the meantime," broke in Friday's father, "don't you think we ought to plough the land? A month from now it will be time for sowing seed."

"Of course," said Crusoe. "Unless we work hard we shall not have enough to eat. When the harvest is over, we will think about rescuing the Spaniards yonder."

From this time work went on steadily every day. Crusoe directed the men, and taught them how to make baskets, cut down trees, and do many useful things. By-and-by the grain, which had been growing all this while, was ready for reaping. The heaviest work was over, so with Crusoe's permission the Spaniard and the old savage sailed off in one of the canoes, carrying a message for the Spaniards in that far-off island.

"Tell them they are welcome, now that we have got plenty of corn," said Crusoe.

"THE SPANIARD AND THE OLD SAVAGE SAILED OFF"

# Chapter XXIX

*An English boat's coming! Oh, wonderful sight!*
*But Crusoe's uneasy, lest all is not right.*

ABOUT eight days after this, Friday came running into the tent, shouting: "Master, master, they're coming!"

Hardly waiting to do more than snatch his gun, Crusoe followed him to the edge of the cliff where he looked out swiftly towards the sea. A little way off was a boat, but a glance was enough to show him that it was not the one they were expecting.

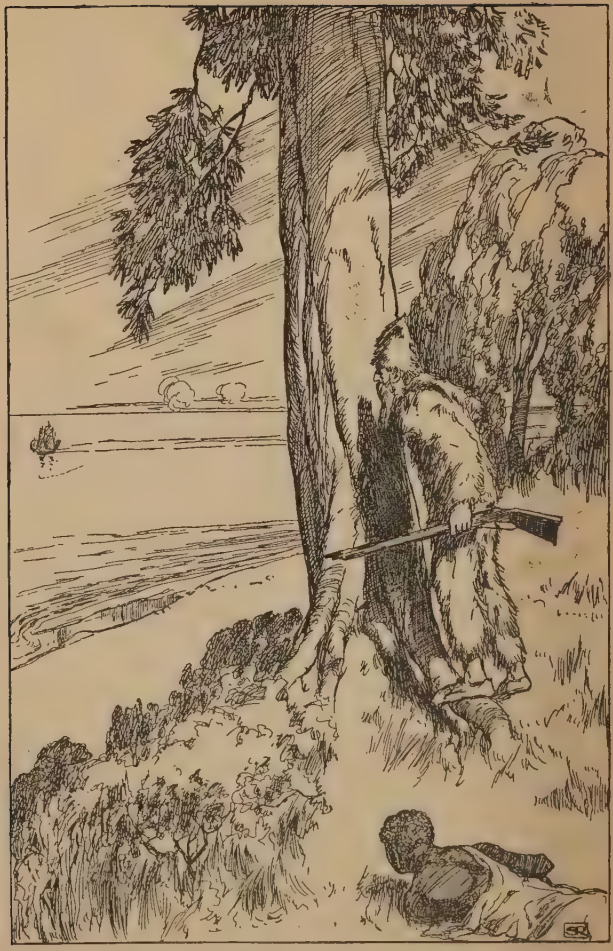
"These are strangers, Friday," said Crusoe. "They may be friends, or *they may be foes.* Anyway, we must wait and see. Don't go down on to the shore. Keep well amongst the bushes."

Again Crusoe lifted his glass and watched the vessel that was coming nearer and

nearer. An idea flashed into his mind that it was an English boat. "I must be dreaming," he said, keeping his eye on the glass. But it was no dream, and soon he was able to see quite plainly that he was looking upon a vessel, filled with sailors from his own country. His hand shook with excitement, and he felt as if he must on the instant run down to welcome them. But another feeling held him back. How did he know they were friends? And why were they coming towards this lonely island, where no ships ever called? These ideas darted like lightning through his mind, and he decided that he would wait and see what happened before showing himself openly.

"Friday, keep well out of sight," he said sternly. "We must watch these strangers and see what they are about."

Friday nodded, his eyes bright with wonder. Then he crouched beside his master, watching every movement of the ship. Presently the little boat reached



"WE MUST WATCH THESE STRANGERS"

the shore and eleven men jumped on to the sand, carrying three other men, who were clearly their prisoners. These unhappy captives shouted and begged and prayed, and, though Crusoe could not hear their words, he knew they were quarrelling fiercely with the others.

"Master," whispered Friday, in a horrified tone, "are they going to eat them?"

"No," replied Crusoe; "but I am afraid they mean to kill them."

But for the present the captives were left alone on the sand, while the rest of the sailors wandered up and down.

"They will be coming into the woods by-and-by," said Crusoe. "Friday, be ready."

His guess at their intentions turned out to be quite true, and soon the sailors disappeared among the trees.

"Now we will go down to the shore, and ask these three poor men what is the reason of their unhappy state." So saying he ran swiftly and silently down to the shore.

On first seeing him, the men were too

surprised to answer his questions, but by-and-by one of them told him that he was the captain of the vessel which stood away out at sea. His men had risen against him, and now they had brought him, and his mate, and a stray passenger, to this desert island, intending to leave them to die, while they themselves made off to sea.

This was enough for Crusoe, and he eagerly offered his help. Between them they made out a good plan of attack. So that when the sailors came back through the woods, they were met and overcome by Crusoe, Friday, the captain and his two friends. Two were killed and three or four wounded. After the struggle, peace was made for a time, and the remaining sailors all declared they would be faithful to Crusoe. Nevertheless, Crusoe had them bound; for he felt it was not safe to allow them their freedom.

"The danger is not yet over," the captain said uneasily, "for there are still twenty-six men on the ship."

# Chapter XXX

*On board there is danger; but soon it is past;*
*And to Crusoe's great joy he is rescued at last.*

BEFORE very long, more of the sailors came to the island in another small boat, for they wondered what had become of their friends. Crusoe and the captain were ready for them, and, after a short struggle, some were killed, some were wounded, and the rest were tied up within the courtyard. There were now only a few men left on board, and these the captain and the mate captured, by going over to the vessel in a small boat, and setting upon them when they were off their guard.

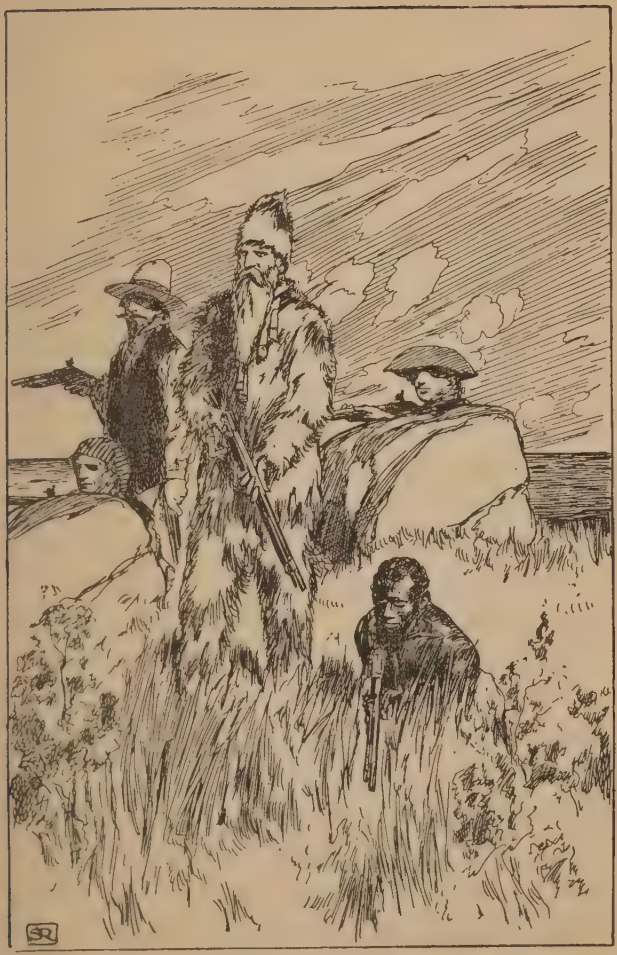
That same evening the captain came up to Crusoe, and held out his hand. "My dear friend," he said, holding Crusoe's fingers in a firm grip, "there is the ship.

It is yours. All that is in it is yours; and we are yours. But for you, the rascals on board would long ago have killed both myself and all the men honest enough to stick to their duty. How can I ever thank you? For I owe you my life, and my honour as a captain."

"Why," cried Crusoe, "what have I done more than would have done any other man in my place? Captain, you make too much of my aid. I am glad I have been of service to you, and I owe you many thanks. For now I see some reasonable hope of getting away from this desolate island."

"Getting away?" cried the captain; "why, of course you will join the ship—*your* ship as it really is. Think, sir, think what it means: you will soon be on your way to England."

"Back to England," murmured Crusoe. Then he turned away like a man in a dream. After all these long years he could not believe that the news was true.



"CRUSOE AND THE CAPTAIN WERE READY FOR THEM"

# Chapter XXXI

*When he's once more in England his eyes fill with tears,*
*At the thought he's got back after thirty-five years.*

"NOW," said the captain, what about our prisoners? Are we to take them with us, or are we to leave them here?"

"Those that you know, from the past, to be honest men and good servants had better come with us," said Crusoe. "But if there are any among them that you feel are rascals, we must leave them here on this island."

"Excellent!" said the captain. "I can answer for all except five." And he mentioned the names of five of the worst of the crew. "The rest are good enough men," he said. "They were led away by the others. But I dare not have the other five on board unless they were in irons."

"Then we will leave them here," said Crusoe, and he called together the rest of the sailors, who swore to be true to the captain and himself.

As for the five men who were to be left behind, just before leaving them Crusoe gave them powder and firearms. Then he showed them how to milk the goats, and how to make butter and cheese.

By this time everything was ready, so the ship set sail, and Crusoe was really on the way to England.

As he stood watching the faint outline of the island fade out of sight, all sorts of strange thoughts ran through his mind. He remembered that fearful night when the storm swept through the surf; he remembered his first day on the island; the first time he had cut down a tree; the fever from which he had nearly died; the earthquake; the day when he had found the footprint on the sand; the morning when his parrot had first spoken his name; his dream about Friday, and how it came

true; the cannibal feast he had broken up; —all these and many another thing passed through his mind.

"Oh, Friday," he said, turning to his faithful friend, who was by his side, "Friday, think of all that has happened since I came to the island! And now I shall never see it again."

"No, master," said Friday eagerly, "but we shall see England, that other big island you have often talked about. Oh, master, I long to be there."

"So do I, Friday, so do I," answered Crusoe dreamily. "I left it as a boy; I am going back old."

"How many years, master?" asked Friday.

"Thirty-five, Friday," said Crusoe slowly.

"Thirty-five years!" The thought was too much for his feelings, and he began to walk up and down the deck, thinking deeply to himself.

Suddenly Friday's voice roused him: "Master," he said earnestly, "England,

"CRUSOE AND FRIDAY WERE IN ENGLAND"

you say, is a great big island, with many men upon it. Will you want Friday when you get there?"

"Always," said Crusoe warmly. "Always and for ever, Friday."

At length, after a prosperous voyage, the day arrived when the ship came alongside the quay. Crusoe and Friday were in England.